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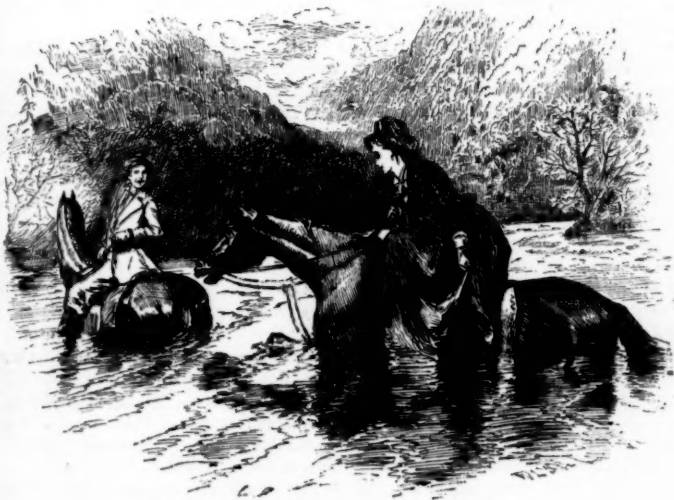
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"THE LAND OF THE SKY;"

OR, ADVENTURES IN MOUNTAIN BY-WAYS.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.



"Follow me, then," he says, and rides into the river."

CHAPTER VIII.

"As she fled fast through sun and shade,
The happy winds upon her played,
Blowing the ringlets from the braid;
She looked so lovely as she swayed
The rain with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips."

TO be mounted on a good horse, to have a pleasant companion who is equally fortunate, and a good stretch of road before one—there is nothing in the whole list of physical enjoyments so absolutely exhilarating and delightful.

Those who are aware of this will not be surprised that Sylvia gives little thought to the disconsolate escort and forsaken party whom she has left behind, as Cecil and Bonnbelle press eagerly forward at a sweeping canter. The morning is superlatively fresh and fair, the sunlight is bright without oppressive heat, the river-breeze wafts the soft hair back from her face, the hedges and way-side fences, overhung with clematis, flit past, the horses keep pace admirably and enjoy the race as much as or more than their riders—altogether, it is a bit of the most genuine pleasure, which ends when it is necessary to check

their impetuous course at a steep descent around one of the limestone cliffs which begin here.

"Oh, was not that heavenly?" says Sylvia, drawing a long breath. "Was there ever before such a charming creature as Bonnbelle, and Cecil is worth his weight in gold! Now"—a sigh—"ought we not to wait for the others?"

"Wait for them!" repeats Charley. "They must be at least two miles behind. You've no idea at what a rate we have come. Instead of waiting, let us see how soon we can get down to the Paint Rock. I'll wager any thing we reach there an hour and a half ahead of them."

This cool proposal surprises the young lady, and amuses her. There is a large spice of mischief in her composition, and the idea of Miss Hollis and Mr. Lanier left in the lurch, and consigned to each other's tender mercies, appeals irresistibly to her sense of the ludicrous. She looks at Charley, and bursts into a gay laugh.

"Did you mean this deliberately?" she asks. "There never was any thing more shameful. Poor Miss Hollis!—poor Mr. Lanier! How inconsolable they must be!"

"Don't flatter yourself with any such

idea," says Charley, coolly. "Miss Hollis is at this moment making eyes at Lanier, and he is bearing his fate with the philosophy which distinguishes him. We are the scapegraces; so, like scapegraces, let us be jolly together."

"You are the scapegrace, sir. Do you suppose I had a thought of riding to Paint Rock with you when you proposed a short run to keep the horses from pulling our arms off?"

"Not the least in the world; but I had a thought of the kind. I knew that, if we were once fairly started on a gallop, you would not have resolution enough to stop until you were obliged to do so."

"How well you know the weak points of my character! After all, it is pleasant to be separated from the rest of the party, and able to do exactly what one likes. You don't deserve to have me say such a thing, however."

"Why don't I deserve it?" asks Charley, looking very virtuous. "Haven't I schemed and plotted and made two mortal enemies in order to enjoy this ride with you?"

She lifts her eyebrows.

"You schemed and plotted to escape the necessity of holding in Cecil by the side of that animal Miss Hollis is on," she says.

"Of course that was it," answers Charley, meekly. "How very astute you are!"

"I am astute enough to understand you, at least," says Sylvia. "Why, you are as transparent as—as that spring yonder."

"Which, by-the-way, is worth stopping to look at," says Charley, checking his horse. "Did you ever see as large a spring before? It must be ten feet across, and is only one of a succession. Look! there are half a dozen of them, and the stream which rises here and empties into the river after a short course across the field, is almost a creek. Do you know the reason? We entered the limestone region about a mile back, and these are limestone springs."

"Are limestone springs always mammoth? I wonder why? But I don't admire the limestone cliffs half so much as those of granite."

"I should not think that an artist would: the gray rock is much the most picturesque.—Now, here is the ferry just before us where, according to the programme arranged by

Commander Eric, we are to cross. But, if you would like to do something adventurous and altogether different from the others, I have another plan to propose."

Sylvia's eyes brighten immediately. Something adventurous and altogether different from the others—what does she desire more ardently?

"Propose your plan, by all means," she says, eagerly. "What is it?"

Charley, to his credit be it said, hesitates an instant. But it is only an instant. The spirit of adventure is too strong in him for his powers of resistance. Besides, he knows the mettle of Sylvia's courage, and that where he chooses to go she will follow; so he answers:

"By going a mile lower we can ford the river. Should you like that?"

"Like it!" She claps her hands. "I should like it of all things. But I did not know that the French Broad could be forded."

"There are two or three places on the river where it is practicable. This is one of them. There is usually thought to be some risk about it—therefore I am not sure that I ought to take you. Perhaps, after all, we had better cross at the ferry."

"That is nonsense!" says Sylvia. "Of course you know that I am going to ford the river. Nothing would induce me to cross in that humdrum ferry-boat. Come!—here is a good stretch for a canter."

A mere suggestion sets the horses off. They sweep forward with spirit. The road just here is remarkably good—level, and not very rocky. Hills dark with foliage rise on one side, on the other level fields intervene between the turnpike and the river. The mountains on the opposite bank of the stream are dappled with cloud-shadows that move slowly across their great shoulders and wooded sides. Looking up the river there is a beautiful curve and a vista of heights softened into blueness. Overhead the sky is sapphire, flecked with fleecy white clouds.

"What a thing it is to be alive—and on horseback—such a day as this!" says Sylvia, as they ride "through sun and shade" without drawing rein.

"What a thing it is to have left Lanier and Miss Hollis behind!" says Charley.

Presently they reach the ford, which is their point of destination. As they pause, Charley springs down from his horse and looks at the road, which, overarched with shade, leads into the water. Then he glances up at his companion with rather a grave expression on his face.

"I see no trace of anybody having passed here recently," he says. "Sylvia, I don't fancy the idea of taking you in."

"Very likely nobody has forded to-day or yesterday," says Sylvia, composedly. "Have you ever crossed here?"

"Several times—two or three years ago."

"Was it deep fording?"

"As well as I remember, it was rather deep fording—too deep for you, I am afraid. We must go back to the humdrum ferry."

But Sylvia stands her ground, and looks undauntedly at the broad river, with its swift, turbulent current.

"I have no desire to be drowned," she says; "and if you think there is real danger, I will go back. But if you only hesitate on my account—and because you fancy, perhaps, that I shall be frightened by a little deep fording—I insist upon going forward."

"I can't imagine that there is any real danger, but still—"

"Then we will go. Forward!"

She waves her hand with an imperious air that her companion knows well. The idea of turning back is as disagreeable to him as to herself. He springs on Cecil.

"Follow me, then," he says, and rides into the river.

Sylvia does not hesitate a moment. She gathers up her habit and follows. Bonni-belle, however—remembering her late experience at Laurel—does not like the look of things. She pauses, snorts, would fain draw back, but a sharp cut of the whip urges her forward. Down she plunges into a rocky hole, and the turbid water rises up over Sylvia's boot. She confesses afterward that her courage sinks a little. If this is "deep fording" at the shore, what will it be in mid-stream? She says nothing, but lifts the mare into shallower water, and follows Charley closely as he slowly splashes ahead. A few yards from the shore they begin to feel the force of the current—a force which increases with every step, and makes the horses totter as they breast it. For the first time in her life Sylvia grows a little giddy as she looks down at the swift, eddying river. A fear of falling from her seat comes over her, and she clutches the saddle, but does not utter a word. On they go, the horses stumbling over the rocky bottom, the current growing momentarily stronger, the water rising momentarily higher. It is permanently over and above Sylvia's boot now, and sweeps the skirts which she vainly attempts to lift out of it. Brave as she is, she begins to feel dismayed, and wonders how this will end, when suddenly Charley stops. She knows at once that something is wrong by the expression of his face as he looks round.

"We must go back," he says. "I dare not take you farther. I fear I have mistaken the ford, and another foot of water will swim the horses."

"Go back!" repeats Sylvia. She looks around. They are in the middle of the stream, which sweeps tumultuously down upon their swaying horses. She never forgets the sight—which is one of terror as well as of majesty. The distance to either bank seems as great as the width of the entire river when regarded from one of those banks, while the view up and down is wildly beautiful. Just now she does not think of the beauty, however. She realizes fully the danger of their position, but she lifts her hand and points ahead. "We are as near that shore as the other," she says. "Let us go on."

The quietness of her tone reassures Charley. He has evidently no burst of terrified hysterics to dread.

"I hope this is the deepest water," he says, "but if it is not—if the horses lose bottom and are forced to swim—don't be frightened! If you keep your seat, Bonni-

belle will carry you safely through. Cling to her neck if the worst comes. Now!"

Forward again—the horses breasting the impetuous current, which nearly sweeps them off their feet, gallantly and steadily. Still higher the water rises. In another minute they must be forced to swim, Sylvia thinks, gathering all her resolution and courage to her aid. The water is at this time nearly on a level with Bonni-belle's back, and it is probable every instant that she will lose bottom. Charley glances round in anxiety, and meets a brave, bright smile.

"You were right in describing this as 'deep fording,'" says Sylvia. "She'll swim in another moment, I think."

"Can you keep your seat?" he asks. "Shall I come and hold you on?"

Even under these circumstances, Sylvia resents this as an imputation on her horse-womanship.

"No, indeed!" she answers. "I'm quite capable of keeping my seat without being held on."

Two or three yards farther of deep wading, and then—blessed relief!—the water grows a little shallower. The horses splash on resolutely, yet cautiously, pausing on every stone, as Sylvia afterward says, to feel for the next. As they approach the shore the current grows less strong, the stream more shallow. At length they reach the bank, ride out of the water and find themselves safe on dry ground.

"Thank God!" says Charley—who is not usually devout—with a sincerity that cannot be doubted: "Laurel was child's-play to that!" he goes on, flinging himself from his horse and coming to Sylvia's side. "What a heroine you are!" he says. "But I shall never forgive myself."

"Why not?" she asks, with that slight, nervous laugh which is so significant of a tension removed. "We have come through safely, and I have to thank you for another adventure. Charley, I am going to confess something—I was frightened for a little while in the middle of the stream."

"So was I—horribly!" he says. "I thought I had lost the ford, and that, weighted with boots and heavy clothing, I should have to swim with you to the bank. Lanier would have taken better care of you."

"He would have taken better care of himself—there's not a doubt of that," she answers, coolly. "But you and I love danger, and some day, perhaps, as the Bible says, we shall perish in it."

"I hope we may perish together, then."

"What pleasure or profit would that be to either of us? But does it not occur to you that we are rather wet?"

"Wet! I should think so." He touches her heavy, dripping skirts with his hand. "What shall we do? You must dry yourself, or our adventure may end by making you ill."

"I must dry myself—and so must you—or the others will know what we have done—and I don't want them to know."

"They are bound to know, for the ferryman will tell them that we have not crossed there."

"But they need not be told how deep the

ford was, or what danger we were in. I should never, never hear the last of it from Aunt Markham if she knew."

"And she would never trust you with me again. You are right—it is best to say as little about it as possible. We will describe the ford as admirable. Now, I think I see a house yonder where we can go and dry ourselves."

They ride up to the house, which stands a little back from the road, with steep, cultivated hills rising behind. A woman is seated in the door with a spinning-wheel. She stops spinning and looks at the equestrians as they pause. Charley uncovers like a cavalier.

"Good-day, madam," he says. "We have just forded the river below here and found it high—so high that this lady is very wet. Will you let her come in and dry herself?"

The eyes of the spinner open wide—her

moving her wheel back. "Sakes!—but you air wet—wet clean to your waist!" she exclaims, as Sylvia, having been lifted from her horse, comes in. "I'll make up a fire—here, Matildy, you and Jake bring some wood—so you kin dry yourself."

Matildy and Jake—members of a band of staring, tow-headed children—disappear immediately, but Sylvia's mind is more bent on escaping detection than on drying herself.

"Pray tell me," she says, eagerly, "have a party from the springs passed here on their way to Paint Rock—two carriages and several people on horseback?"

"No," the woman answers, shaking her head. She has seen no such party—whereupon Sylvia darts back to the door.

"They have not passed yet," she says to Charley, "but, of course, they will before

long, and they will see the horses and come in and find us, if you don't take care. Put the horses out of sight—anywhere! I won't be found in such a plight as this!"

"You kin take the horses to the stable yonder ef you've a mind to," says the hostess, coming forward. "I'm sorry none o' the boys is about fur to help you."

"Thanks—I don't need any help," says Charley; and, obedient to orders, he marches off, leading the two horses.

Sylvia watches him with a smile. Then she retires to an inner room, and, taking off her wet garments, puts on some coarse but clean ones of her hostess, whose heart is quite won by her bright face and sweet manners. Scarcely has this been accomplished and the dripping clothes hung before the fire to dry, when a roll of approaching wheels is

heard, and she rushes to the window in time to see the phaeton and wagon drive past, laden with their merry crowd. Next come two gentlemen on horseback, and then Miss Hollis and Mr. Lanier appear—the former making an heroic effort to smile as she is bumped to and fro in her seat by a horse that will trot despite her frantic tugs at his rein; the latter wearing an air of the most unmistakable sulkiness.

It is sad to relate that Miss Norwood laughs over this spectacle until tears stand in her merry eyes, and she has by no means recovered her gravity when, several minutes later, Mr. Kenyon, very damp about the lower extremities, but insouciant as ever, appears.

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"You don't mean to say that you've forded the river!" she says."

countenance expresses the extreme of stolid astonishment.

"You don't mean to say that you've forded the river!" she says. "Well, I wonder! Why, there ain't but one man forded there for months past—and he came near havin' his team drowned. You see the river, it's been awful high all summer, and they say the ford's dreadful washed out by the big fresh last spring."

Charley and Sylvia look at each other. They feel more than ever that it is necessary they should keep the knowledge of their adventure to themselves.

"May I come in and dry my clothes?" the young lady asks, with the courtesy which never fails to win courtesy from others. "I shall not be long."

"To be sure—come in," says the woman,

heard, and she rushes to the window in time to see the phaeton and wagon drive past, laden with their merry crowd. Next come two gentlemen on horseback, and then Miss Hollis and Mr. Lanier appear—the former making an heroic effort to smile as she is bumped to and fro in her seat by a horse that will trot despite her frantic tugs at his rein; the latter wearing an air of the most unmistakable sulkiness.

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they have become familiar—and their rapid motion creates a breeze. One fair, wild scene succeeds another, like enchantment. Here and there the winding river grows still and glassy as a mountain-lake, sweeping softly by banks that are shadowed by drooping trees and draped with graceful vines. Again it breaks into tumult once more, though not such tumult as that above the Springs, or flows in eddying ripples around the greenest of green islands. Presently the road passes beneath a magnificent cliff, the surface of which is broken into strange, irregular escarpments like layers of stone, and Charley says:

"Here is the Paint Rock. Notice the streaks of color from which it takes its name. Is it not singular that anybody could be so ignorant as to fancy that this, which plainly is part of the composition of the rock, was laid on by human hands?"

"Does anybody really think so?"

"Yes, a great many people think that the Indians painted it—at least they say so. The mingling of colors is certainly peculiar, is it not?"

"Very peculiar and very beautiful. I wish you were a geologist, that you might tell me what gives that deep-red tint. Hark! what is that?"

It is a shout, apparently from the clouds.

"Halloa!" says a voice from above. "Here we are!"

Charley looks up and waves his hat by way of reply. Sylvia also glances up. A hundred and fifty feet above, a group of pigmy-like figures stand, outlined like silhouettes

clinging comfortably on the seat of the wagon. Seeing the riders approach, he lifts himself and descends to the ground.

"Mass Eric and all of 'em's been wonderin' what's come of you, Mass Charley," he says, taking Cecil, as Charley springs down. "They told me to tell you they're up on the rock."

"So I see," says Charley.—"Now, Sylvia, pin up your habit well, for we have some steep climbing to do."

"Here?" asks Sylvia, looking a little aghast at the face of the great rock which towers over them.

"No, this way," he answers, passing round the corner of the cliff, to the side where Paint Creek comes down to the French Broad, reflecting in its clear water the varied tints of the ledges of rock that rise over it.

A winding path—and a very steep one—leads from here to the summit of the cliff. When, breathless and exhausted, the two truants appear on top, they are received with a storm of greetings and inquiries:

"Where on earth have you been?"—"What have you been doing?"—"Are you not ashamed of yourselves?"—"How is it that they told us at the ferry you had not crossed the river?"—"How did you get behind us when you started in front?"

These and many like inquiries are asked all at once. Sylvia lifts her hands with an air of appeal. "Spare us, good people," she says. "Just now we have no breath to tell you anything. Will somebody lend me a fan?"

"I have been seriously uneasy about you," says Eric to Charley.

"Not hearing of you at the ferry, I was afraid you had attempted to ford the river where we were in the habit of doing so a year or two ago, and the ferryman says the ford is dangerous now."

"We can testify that he is mistaken," says Charley, with the most admirable nonchalance. "We did cross at the ford, and here we are in safety."

"Crossed at the ford!" repeats a horrified chorus. "Good Heavens, what a risk!"

"Are you in earnest?" asks Eric, suspiciously. "If you crossed at the ford you ought to have been ahead of us, and here you are an hour behind."

"We spent that time eating muscadines on the bank of the river. It does not answer to hurry one's self on an excursion of this kind."

"No, it seems not," says Eric, dryly.

Meanwhile Mr. Lanier and Miss Hollis are conspicuous by their absence. Sylvia glances round, and presently sees them at the farther end of the rock. "We must go and

make amends for our rudeness," she says to Charley. "They have really cause to be offended."

Neither of them proves implacable, and harmony is soon restored, only Mr. Lanier grows pale when he hears that Sylvia has added to her list of adventures the feat of having forded the "racing river."

"If I had been with you, I should never have suffered you to run such a risk," he says.

"So I told Charley," answers the young lady, demurely.

The view from the top of the Paint Rock, without being grand or extensive, is very beautiful, especially on one of the summer days, when white, billowy clouds lazily follow in the wake of the sun. It is exactly such a day when we stand on the breezy height, and see the French Broad with its fairy islets, far below. Chains of hills melt softly into each other in every direction, for our elevation enables us to overlook those walls of green which, from the level of the river, bound the gorge, and blue peaks stand outlined against the sky. Over all the wide panorama shifting shadows fall with charming effect, and the variety of tints baffles analysis or description. We are in the heart of that great range of mountains, known at different points as the Smoky, the Unaka, and the Roan, which divides North Carolina from her daughter Tennessee; and, wherever we turn, some scene of striking beauty arrests the attention. Half a mile farther down the river are the Chimneys—rocks in formation very like the one on which we stand, broken by some caprice of Nature into isolated, chimney-like shapes; but the road to them has been washed away by the turbulent river, and never replaced. Hence they are almost inaccessible. A portion of our party go as far as practicable, and report that by standing on some tilting stones in the bed of the river, and craning their necks around a cliff-like projection, they are only able to obtain a partial and unsatisfactory view. Those who remain behind, therefore, congratulate themselves on their wisdom. Certainly to sit on the summit of the great rock under the shade of the pines that grow here and there, with the boundless, sapphire sky above and the lovely, outspread world below, is a pleasure that must be put in the list of those which are as great in memory as in reality.

THE HEIRS OF THE BODLEY ESTATE.

A STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.

CHAPTER I.

THE HEIR-APPARENT.

IT is nearly thirty years since I was in London, and I do not know what changes have taken place in that time. I wonder if St. Giles district has been swept with any besom of municipal improvement? It lay in the track of my daily course then as I made my way from Great Russell Street to Trafalgar Square. Often as I went over the ground



THE CLIFFS.

against the blue sky. Riding a little farther, they find the carriages and horses in the shade by the river-bank, with Harrison re-

spicuous by their absence. Sylvia glances round, and presently sees them at the farther end of the rock. "We must go and

between the two points, I never could tell precisely how I was coming out after I had once left Tottenham Court Road, and, crossing Oxford Street, had committed myself to Crown Street and all the perplexities of the St. Giles district. Fairly involved in those windings, I never dared hesitate as if I were at a loss to find my way out, but turned down one street and up another as if my business would not suffer me to go anywhere else—though oftentimes I found myself crossing my own trail, while the leering rookeries on either side seemed almost to cock their drunken eyes of windows at me; and whenever, as often happened, I found myself in the open area of Seven Dials, it was an even chance whether, in my flurry, I took the Little St. Andrews Street, which would guide me straight into St. Martin's Lane, or worked off in a sidelong fashion till I came upon Drury Lane, and so effected my escape.

It all comes back to me now as I think of the last time I took the walk. It was the afternoon before Christmas-day. I had been studying in the paint-room of the British Museum, and my mind had become sorely perplexed over the text and illustration of "The Jerusalem," by William Blake, whose name I see has lately been revived, but whose works I had learned to be amazed at then, upon the promptings of one of his enthusiastic younger friends. "The Jerusalem" was a strange world of Blake's creation, but the "shady woe and visionary joy" in which he declared himself drowned did cast up some fragments glorious though disjointed. There was also, perhaps, a greater fascination to me in these prophetic books that I was then a young man seeing visions; and the shadowy world, which I was suffering to form around me, seemed more easily peopled from the strange misty creatures of Blake's imagination than from the substantial forms that jostled me in London streets.

Gazing at these figures and following the vagaries of the prophetic book until the early darkness came on and I was forced to quit the building, a gentle melancholy, not unwelcomed, gathered over me, and I passed slowly into the street. The workmen were still busy upon the new portico, which was approaching completion, and the distant blows, joined with the rattle of cabs over the pavement, jarred upon my senses. It was chilly, and the murkiness of the atmosphere, the leaden dullness of the houses, all smote me disagreeably; the melancholy with which I had been pleasing myself was overrun by this outward current of petulant life—much as a sluggish brook may have its speed increased but its transparency impaired by the juncture of some turbulent water-course which is servant to a laborious town.

The city, externally, never before seemed so repulsive, and I began to feel at odds with it, and to wish wearily for some escape from what had been and still was a voluntary exile. The museum would be closed on the next day, and then I should be deprived of my chief occupation. I had left my native land, like so many American students before and since, with an ill-defined expectation of finding abroad a satisfaction of certain desires which our own country seemed inade-

quate to supply. I did not know exactly what I wanted, but I haunted libraries and picture-galleries and museums, heard music, went to the play-house, and walked at all sorts of hours through London streets, as if I was in search of the wise man who should answer for me all the old hard questions. So I had rambled over a part of the Continent, but I had come back to London as somehow containing what I was after. I suspect now that it was a sort of instinctive feeling for what was finished, especially if it had been a long time in process of production. A distaste for newness had sprung up in me from a too close discipleship to English masters and ancient literature. I had failed to discover that the wisest masters and greatest works are not comprehended until we see in them their highest function of bringing us face to face with Nature and human life.

It was a solitary life that I had been leading, but solitude was one of the very blessings which I had crossed the ocean to secure, and knew I was sure to find in a great city. Perhaps, if the blessing had been disguised a little, I might have valued it more, but it began to oppress me with its presence, and I to deplore the weakness of my inability to live alone. I had adopted somebody's notion that to be able to live alone was the highest achievement of the human soul, and that, if one sat long enough in the desert of his own society, he would surely in the end be fed by the ravens of philosophy; and because, when at home, I had at different times gone, as it were, into the woods a mile or two from any human habitation, and there gnawed my own vitals, returning when I began to feel very faint, I fancied that I could sustain myself for an indefinite period in the great wilderness of London, and grow healthier and heartier every day. So I was humiliated at the discovery that I was unequal to the blessing of solitude, and was almost ready to pray for its removal.

The discomfort of the muddy street, loading my shoes at every crossing, was made appalling even by the wretched-looking people who inhabited the streets and swarmed about the shops and covered alleys. They filled me not with pity but with unutterable loathing, and I felt, not like helping them if I could, but fleeing from them as from lepers. I had turned from Crown into Little Earl Street, and was looking into the windows, after my wont, when I was surprised at discovering, in the window of a shop devoted to old prints and the odds and ends of pictorial literature, a half-leaf, pinned on a string, from "The Jerusalem" which I had been studying. It represented to the ordinary eye, whatever a Blake student might guess it to mean, a scene of some plague-visitation. At the foot of the stone-wall of some city building were three figures—a woman, with head thrown despairingly back and hands lifted in an agony of supplication, just falling on her knees; another caught, just as she had sunk expiring on the ground, by a man bending over her. A figure in black, with hat drawn down over the eyes, stood erect behind the group, ringing a bell which he held in his hand, as if he were some attendant upon these miseries, ringing for the plague-cart to remove the

dead and the now dying woman. Upon the wall were the words, "Lord, have mercy upon us!" and it was this prayer which all, with their different sensations, seemed to be sending up to heaven.

The print was in the greenish ink which Blake used so much in his impressions, and its very coarseness of execution added to the terrible pathos of the scene. I had looked at it with awe that afternoon, but now, seeing it hung in the window like a grim commentary on the scene around me, I shuddered, and my heart sank within me at the thought of all the wretchedness which I could not possibly guess to be existing in the building about me. I, too, uttered the words of the prayer, and then, my old private complainings returning, I did not spurn them as unworthy beside these dreary burdens of actual life, but deepened them with an infusion from this bitterness, as if, God forgive me! I with my cherished selfishness were in some way linked with all these in misery. No doubt the plague-spot was on me if I could see these horrors, and yet merely make them contribute to my own morbidity. I bought the picture, much wondering how the shopkeeper had come by it, of a little tattered, shrill-voiced girl, who looked at my sixpence with the air of a counterfeit detector, and then turned down the next street, a short one—Tower, I think, was its name—which brought me to Longacre, where, by one of the narrow alleys that serve as market-places in London, I stumbled into Bedford Street.

It was just as I was getting out of the alley, crowded with ill-looking, worn, and desperate men, women, and children, that I was accosted by a little boy who held out his hand, begging for a penny. His voice drew my notice; it sounded like a bird singing in that dingy cave, and I could not conceal my admiration when, on looking at him, I discovered one of the most beautiful faces that it had ever been my lot to look upon. I gazed long at him, feeling in my pocket as though my pennies had retired into some remote recess, until under my silent stare the little fellow seemed to blush like a maiden. His cap was in his hand, and his hair, tumbling about his head, was delicate and curly; but his clothes were of the raggedest sort, and I could only wonder as one finding a flower growing out of a dung-heap, its leaves and stalk soiled, while its blossom is shining and pure. I gave him his penny, and he was off on a run. I caught sight of him a moment afterward, standing on his precious head with his heels against a pump and the penny in his mouth, as if he was a human dolphin ornamenting the base of a fountain.

The apparition of this little bit of human sunshine dancing across the gloom, somehow drew me to see other signs of cheeriness, where before I had seen only misery. The burdens borne by the passers-by proved in many cases to be good specimens of the Christmas goose, and the jostling in the street turned into a busy rustle of expectant feasters; and so, though I know not by what process, my own vague melancholy, which I might have declared to be on the formless basis of the Shadow of Eternity, came to resolve itself into a private grievance. I had no hope of

eating a Christmas-dinner; I jeered at myself for aiming at such a despicable pass, and yet I know now that there was something stirring at the bottom of my muddy selfishness—a bubble of natural, fresh, human feeling, which was trying to clear the springs of my soul.

I was standing now with my back to the National Gallery buildings, leaning moodily on the stone balustrade, and I saw the lion that stood pointing defiance with his tail over the entrance to Northumberland House; the exceedingly-domesticated look of the wild beast, as if he had been hired by the family to frighten away plebeians, and had struck his most alarming attitude, made me wonder if that great front really was impenetrable. It occurred to me that I had heard or read that the Bodley family and the Percy were in some way connected, and I queried whether I could not challenge the duke in the name of English Christmas hospitality to let me dine at his table. My mother was a Bodley, and the Bodley estate in England was a household jest with us, for when I was a little boy there was a good deal of talk, half serious, half in fun, about a vast estate in England belonging to the Bodley family which was begging for heirs, and so much in need of them to divide its wealth that an agent had come to America in search of all who bore the name of Bodley, or who were fortunate, like my father, in marrying a Bodley. It was a serious matter then with me, for the estate was said to be very great, and in our family our more ambitious requests were to be satisfied, not upon the discharge of the cargo from some shadowy ship, but upon our coming into possession of this estate, a real earth estate, not to be blown away as a ship could be. When the agent came, there was considerable talk as to what steps should be taken in defense of our claims; and there were some papers to be signed, for I went with grandfather Bodley and saw him write his name, which was to make me rich, with a hearty laugh, as if the whole affair were an excellent joke, and he had certified to the same. For my part, I was rather shocked at his levity. It was suggested, too, that if we only had a ring with the Bodley crest on it, such a testimony to our blood relationship would be unquestionable. I thought so too, and urged it most strongly, quoting instances in Oriental tales where the ring was every thing. One of our relations had such a ring, and entrusted it to this Tyrel the agent, and I felt alarm lest our own claim was thus weakened, and wondered if a substitute might not be accepted in our favor in the shape of a venerable spoon, which fell to my lot as the youngest, and upon the broad expanse of its thin handle bore the initials L. T. B., letters often explained to me as representing Lydia and Thomas Bodley, though whether they held the spoon in joint partnership or not I was not told. It was from its monumental shape like a gravestone set up to the memory of that worthy couple, whose ancestry and descent I strove in vain to remember. They alone, hand-in-hand as it were, sat upon the upper branches of our genealogical tree; no, not quite alone, for there was old Paul Bodley, who had been governor of our State,

and in whose time the whole land seems to have been measured out, for, in my walks out of town, I have found every mile marked off with a stout stone and "P. B. 17—" on it. The first one I saw when a lad I took to be P. B.'s gravestone, a view which my elder brother at once confirmed and embellished; but each additional mile-stone called so loudly for some other Paul Bodley, unless I would believe the poor man to have been dismembered before burial, that I was forced to take refuge in absolute skepticism, and to doubt whether our Paul Bodley ever lived to be buried. As I grew older and my grandfather's signature seemed to have produced no effect, and Mr. Tyrel was too busy probably to report progress; and as I read discouraging accounts in fiction of processes of law, I began to see the humorous side, and would have given a fresh signature of my own with as hearty a laugh as my grandfather himself uttered.

Recalling these things there in Trafalgar Square, I became quite merry all at once, and amused myself with fanciful encounters with disaffected heirs of the estate; who, like myself, might be angrily demanding of the existing head of the Bodley family to give them a Christmas-dinner. It would be a very waste of time to recount these absurdities. Yet, even with my added years of wisdom, I do believe that my mind was better occupied thus than when girding at myself and the world, as just before. I began to feel ready, under these home-recollections, for the world which I had been insolently thrusting aside; and there came over me a consciousness that a way of escape from the solitary life I had been leading was open, if only I were wise enough to enter it. At this point I turned, and saw standing near me an old gentleman with white beard and gentle face, who I perceived at once had been watching me, and now looked uneasy, as if I had detected him in an impertinence; there was a sort of wistful glance that he shyly stole at me which must have invited my advance, else why should I have turned to him as I did and asked, in the most matter-of-fact way, nodding toward the Lion:

"Sir, can you tell me if there is any connection between the great families of Bodley and Percy?"

Never shall I forget the affectionate yet wearied smile with which he replied:

"My good friend, there is a very distant connection between the two families; but I should not have to ask that face of yours if it belonged to the Bodley family."

"Why?" said I, astonished, and yet grasping at the rope which he had thrown to me. "I am proud of being a member of the family, but I had not supposed that the patent of nobility was so stamped on the Bodley features that it could not be effaced in three or four generations, or washed out by the waters of the Atlantic, which my ancestors crossed."

"Ah!" said he, "I thought I was right. You are one of the American Bodleys, descended from Governor Bodley."

"Yes," said I, "he was an ancestor of mine, but on my mother's side. My own name is Penhallow."

"And you are Winthrop Penhallow—are you not?" he asked, smiling at his own familiarity with my name and lineage.

"Within one!" I cried. "Winthrop is my elder brother."

"Then you are Eustace Penhallow."

"That is my name," said I, not now to be astonished at any revelation he might make. "Can you also tell me how old I am?"

The old gentleman looked at me, and must have seen that I was not offended, but very much amused and interested. He reflected a moment, and then replied, correctly, "Twenty-two last October."

"Will you let me ask you," said I, respectfully, "how it is that you know so well who I am? You must yourself be a Bodley."

He stood but a step from me, and I looked in his face.

No wonder the passers-by turned and looked with me. He had been bending a little, but now he stood erect with the dignity of noble old age, and with a strange expression of pride, of compassion, too, and yet I thought also of timidity, upon his face, he swept his right arm gently from him, bowed with knightly courtesy, and said:

"Mr. Penhallow, I am the sole heir to the Bodley estate; the name descends through me. I am Paul Bodley."

It was not so much the discovery which he made to me of his position as the lordly and perfectly gentle demeanor which he wore, that made me instinctively take off my hat and bow in recognition of the presence of the great family head. Then, unwilling to leave, I said:

"I have heard since my childhood of the Bodley estate. In our family I think some slight effort was made to obtain a share of it, not knowing," I added, half apologetically, "that there was one exclusively entitled to it."

"Then why," said he, with a little embarrassment in his voice, "did you not answer the advertisement in this morning's paper along with others?"

And, upon my saying that I had seen no advertisement, he drew a journal from his pocket and showed me, posted in the "personal" column, the following:

"All persons laying claim to a share in the Bodley estate are advised to call this day before three o'clock in the afternoon on Paul Bodley, Esq., No. 18 Northumberland Court, where they will hear of something to their advantage."

"I fear," said my companion, when I had read it, "that it was hardly quite honest on my part, but I was told that the phrase, 'something to their advantage,' was one in common use, and meant only that no harm should be done to them; and, indeed, sir," he added, eagerly, "I meant their good every way, and, if you had come with the rest, I should have explained to you, with them, what I could not say in the advertisement. But it is growing cold; will you not walk with me toward my present home while I explain?"

"Most willingly," I said, and felt even more strongly, as I offered Mr. Bodley my arm. He took it, and clung to me as we

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walked, seeming to feel a dim sort of relief and shelter after the uneasy, restless state he had been displaying. For myself, I had begun to understand that I was with one whom I could not leave alone in the growing dark of a London December day, nor was my reverence for his nobility of face and manner the less that I saw myself in some strange way his guardian for the moment. Yet I have often thought since of us two walking slowly toward the Strand, and wondered which of us really was the weaker. I am not sure now, but certain it is that, if my venerable friend clung to me as if he saw I could help him, I also was leaning upon the companionship which had been thus offered to me in the hour of need; and so we went on, like the famous blind and lame couple, I personating the legs and he the eyes.

It is not far from where we had been standing to Northumberland Court, leading out of Charing Cross, and under the protecting vigilance of the Percy lion, in so obscure a way that thousands of Londoners passing it daily probably never saw it with its low-entrance archway; but we walked slowly, and, by the time we had reached the court, I had learned as much of Mr. Bodley's story as it concerned me to know. He had been for many years engaged in maintaining his claim to the estate, but it was only within a very short time that his lawyer had assured him that the triumphant close was at hand. A few weeks more and he would come into possession of the property. The other claimants had generally resigned their supposed rights, and a few forms of law only stood between him and the estate.

"When I heard this," said Mr. Bodley, with compassion in his voice, "I thought of the many who had hopes like mine, but are now disappointed. It is a sad thing, Mr. Penhallow, to pursue fond hopes for many years and find them crumble in the end. I longed to tell my poor kinsmen that I meant no evil to them, that I was not merely seeking my own selfish ends, and so I bethought me of inviting such as I knew to be near relations and most likely to be disappointed, to keep Christmas with me. I hope that next Christmas will see me in the old hall, surrounded by my kinsfolk; and when it shall please God to take me to my fathers, I shall leave it to those who follow me to remember the less fortunate members of the Bodley family in like manner."

He said this last with his hand on the door, hesitating as if not liking to send me away, and yet not certain whether to ask me in. Just then, however, the door was opened from within, and I saw the figure of a girl standing in the entrance, shading a candle which flickered in her face, and showed a look of concern, which deepened as I stepped forward by the side of the old man.

"Ah, father," said she, "I am glad to see you home again;" and, as if her concern had passed away with the safe return of the old man, and she saw the errand on which I had come, she gave me a frank look of gratitude.

"Stop a moment, Fear," said Mr. Bodley, as she took his hand to lead him in, and I stood uncovered, waiting, apparently, to take my leave, but really, I am not ashamed to

confess, anxiously hoping for a special invitation to join Mr. Bodley's other miserable relations on the morrow; "this young man," he went on, "is Mr. Eustace Penhallow, from America. His mother was a Bodley. She was Patience—"

"Perhaps Mr. Penhallow will come in out of the cold," said his daughter, and then, looking at me, her face said, "and thus you will induce an old man to come in to a warm fireside."

"Yes, yes; come in!" said Mr. Bodley, his hesitation vanishing suddenly. I knew afterward, what I suspected then, that the chivalrous old man only waited for his daughter to invite me. It was my turn to hesitate now, half from a rusty shyness after long disuse of society; half, too, from a foolish fancy which I had taken up with, that pleasure was keenest when one sip only of the cup had been taken. But, somehow, the daughter's request was not one of repelling politeness, but of frank courtesy, which made it natural and right to accept. I entered, the door was shut behind me, and, following the couple, I was ushered into a little room, warm and light, and showing preparations for a simple meal.

"I had set the table for an early tea," said the young hostess, "and was only waiting for my father. I will place another cup for you, Mr. Penhallow, if you will let me."

"And I," said Mr. Bodley, bustling about, "will show Mr. Penhallow the papers which will explain to him how he comes into the Bodley family." I had been standing and bowing, and, I dare say, blushing all this time, confused enough between my embarrassment at the novelty of the situation and my anxiety to show that I had not forced myself upon the scene. But the quiet naturalness and self-possession of the girl, and the gentle simplicity of the old man, did for me what I could not do for myself: they put me at ease and I sat down, forgot as a bad dream what had been, and opened old springs of delight, which I had suffered to become choked with the cares and vexations of the world in which I had been living. Indeed, it must have been a more hardened nature than mine that could resist the influences that were about me. There was a something in the very atmosphere of the room which seemed to suggest purity of life. The white of the curtains, the white cloth that covered the table, and on which rested the white china and a few gleaming, demure little spoons, the white rose that drooped in its vase in the centre—all this whiteness was not merely the symbol of purity, it was the unconscious expression of a pure nature, wont, in some inexplicable way, to make all inanimate objects about partake of its own whiteness. I looked at old Paul Bodley, at his secretary searching for papers, and my eye told me that this white-haired, white-bearded old man, with the pleased, guileless look on his face, was in his fitting home here; and then my eye turned to Miss Bodley, and I watched her as she moved quietly about, making her further preparations for tea, lifting the lid of the tea-kettle to see how the water was getting on, shaking the tea out of a little white canister, and cutting the slices of

bread for buttering. There always was a charm to me in the very sight of an orderly house-keeper—how much more when she was a maiden just putting on womanly ways, and wearing them with so girlish a grace as to impart to the most commonplace duties a new beauty! Perhaps, after all, the perfection of the picture lay in Fear Bodley herself, her face, her form, her dress, and movements. It was her brownness—not, I mean, of face, but of general appearance—that harmonized so well with all about her: her hair was brown, her eyes were of a soft brown shade, and her dress of the same general color, while over it she wore a dainty little white apron, which, to my old-fashioned eyes, is the very insignia of modest maidenhood.

It chanced that Fear, being engaged in some little duty—I think she was spreading bread with butter—stood so as to present her profile to me, the head being bent forward. I had been looking at her shyly, but now indulged in a downright, steadfast gaze. I was surprised at a recognition, for the attitude and profile at once recalled a girl whom I had noticed a week or so before bending over a drawing in the print-room at the museum. The face had attracted my attention, but so absorbed was she then in her occupation, that I got no other view, and presently, forgetting her in my own study, she left without my notice. I felt quite sure now that it was Fear Bodley, and I meant to ask her as soon as I properly could.

Mr. Bodley had by this time found the papers he wished, and, sitting down beside me, he began to explain, with the help of his tables, what connection existed between me and himself. I had nothing to do but to listen, and I own that genealogical tables never sounded so much like poetry as when they were recited and illustrated by him. It was like listening to a summer evening's distant hum to hear his gentle voice chanting, in low tones, the names and ages of my ancestors. Lydia and Thomas were linked with their predecessors and successors, and the respected governor was buried in a single grave; Bodley crossed and recrossed the Atlantic as if it were a mere ferry, and some disreputable members, hungering after seventh wives, turned upon their own kith and kin, thereby reducing uncles to the grade of cousins, and making one poor fellow, I recollect, nephew to his own nephew; so, by degrees, keeping the cis- and transatlantic lines in parallel, Mr. Bodley came at last to myself and brother and to Fear. I heard his age and my age and Fear's age (she was eighteen), and then, as if waiting for Time to give us another race, the old gentleman was obliged to stop.

It must not be supposed that all this recital was accomplished before tea. That was taken in the mean while, and hardly interrupted the narrative, for Mr. Bodley used the time to tell me stories of the different great men in the family. They were not very brilliant stories, though they all gathered about some true, honest actions, and I glanced at Fear, who must have heard them many a time before, but she was a better listener than I, with all my studious politeness. And when tea was over she put away the table,

and, bringing some simple work, sat down to hear the rest. I liked it all; I liked the drowsy hum of the old man's voice, the regular movement of Fear's hand as she stitched and stitched. It was such a sudden transformation from less genial surroundings that I found it hard to keep back the smile that was imperiling my face even when Mr. Bodley was announcing the melancholy end of a disreputable rake of a Bodley whose sins the grave and time had long since covered from men's notice, but who was pitilessly exhumed by this genealogical resurrectionist. I could not fail to notice, however, with what charity he spoke of him and of all whom truth unwillingly compelled him to name in our family, though they might justly have been disowned in their lifetime.

THE LITTLE JOANNA.

A NOVEL.

BY KAMBA THORPE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

"O my good cousin, such news—such extraordinary news!" panted Mrs. Ruffner, breathlessly, as she rushed to embrace Mrs. Basil, who was feebly leaning on the back of her arm-chair. "You'll be astounded."

"O my poor, dear cousin Rowena!" cried Miss Ruffner, "how I do feel for you!"

"Is any thing the matter with Arthur?" faltered Mrs. Basil.

"Arthur is perfectly safe in life and limb," said Miss Ruffner, stiffly.

"No worse off than I am—ha, ha!" said Sam, forcing his "radiant" smile. "Extraordinary, most extraordinary!" And then he subsided into a corner, not seeing Anita, and left the field to the women.

"Perhaps I had better retire," said Miss Hawkesby; but she was by no means anxious to go.

"La, no; you may consider yourself in luck to be present," said Mrs. Ruffner. "Such news, and no secret!"

"No; stay by all means," said Miss Ruffner. "Your presence will be a support."

Anita had already withdrawn. She had little doubt that Mrs. Ruffner had come to discuss her escapade, and she didn't care to stay. But Joanna, for the same reason, had decided to remain: somebody must fight Anita's battles; but, in the excitement, she escaped notice.

"Is—Mrs. Stargold, our dear cousin, then, no more?" asked Mrs. Basil, in faltering accents.

"Dead? La, no, my dear!" said Mrs. Ruffner, with that imperturbable good-nature nothing could damp. "Why should we be here, you know, if she were dead?"

"True, true," murmured Mrs. Basil. "I forgot."

"No, she is not dead," said Miss Ruffner, snappishly, "nor likely to die. I always knew that there was nothing serious the matter with her. But, O my poor cousin Rowena"—with a doleful shake of the head—"how I

do feel for you! To think what a deceiver you've cherished in your bosom!"

"Strong language," said old Miss Hawkesby, with some vague idea that Miss Ruffner referred to Anita.

"I do not understand," said Mrs. Basil, tremulously, raising her hand to her head as she sank into her chair. "Won't you be seated, and explain?"

"Yes, Miss Hawkesby," said Miss Ruffner, throwing herself upon the sofa, "I use strong language, for my feelings on this subject are strong."

"La, yes; and our cousin here won't object, I'm sure," said Mrs. Ruffner, "when she—"

"No, mother; I stipulated when we decided to come that I was to state the case," said Miss Ruffner.—"I feel for you, Cousin Rowena. I knew you counted so upon the inheritance for Arthur, as it was natural that you should, though you must acknowledge that none of us ever encouraged your expectations. I never heard Mrs. Stargold speak of doing any thing for Arthur, beyond giving him a piece of plate with an appropriate inscription; but, of course, as her relatives, we all felt that we had a claim upon her; and now to think that, after all these years of oblivion, Francis Hendall's widow should arise to set up her claim!"

"Francis Hendall's widow!" cried Mrs. Basil, with energy, starting up. "Where? how?" she asked, helplessly, sinking back again.

"Francis Hendall's widow?" repeated Miss Hawkesby, interrogatively. "I remember that, long ago, Elizabeth said something about her brother having a wife. He was really married, then?"

"We never believed that he was married," said Mrs. Basil, in her old, positive manner.

"But we may believe it now!" cried Mrs. Ruffner, as triumphantly as though she herself had never joined vehemently in the denial. "Francis Hendall's widow exists!"

"O my poor cousin!" said Miss Ruffner, again, "you have my sympathies. Francis Hendall's widow—his lawful widow—exists. Compose yourself—"

"I am perfectly composed, thank you," said Mrs. Basil, haughtily; but she trembled, and Miss Ruffner saw that she trembled.

"Nerve yourself to bear it," she continued, in the same tone. "We came to prepare you. It is a great blow; but it would be mistaken kindness to withhold the knowledge from you. Francis Hendall's widow is none other than the woman you have known and sheltered as the judge's cousin, Miss Basil."

"Mela's secret!" cried Joanna, wildly. The room seemed to go round and round with her.

Mrs. Basil, who had risen under this tantalizing exordium, staggered as though she had indeed received a blow; but she rallied immediately. "I do not believe it!" she said. "If it were so, why has it remained buried so long? I'm sorry for Pamela; but all of us know that Francis Hendall was wild—"

"It has taken Cousin Elizabeth time to

accumulate and arrange the facts in the case," interrupted Miss Ruffner. "They say there isn't a flaw in the evidence. If she hadn't been so mortally secret about it, we might have interfered. Things were well enough as they stood; what's the good of making a matter of conscience of a dead and buried secret to stir up such startling changes?"

"Conscience is Elizabeth Stargold's strong point," said Miss Hawkesby.

"Her weak point, I say!" Miss Ruffner retorted, snappishly. "But we've Arthur to thank for it all; it is he that is at the bottom of this piece of work, with that awkward pistol of his bursting open that old escritoire of Francis Hendall's, where his letters and other mementos were kept."

"Well," said Mrs. Basil, peevishly, "what had that to do with it? Did Mrs. Stargold find the proofs among the old letters?"

"No, indeed, nothing of the kind," said Miss Ruffner. "But reading over those old letters set her to thinking about her brother's last illness, when he spoke of his marriage as recent, and of his wife as still living."

"I remember," said Mrs. Basil, coldly. "His statements were confused, and the physicians said that his mind was wandering. None of us believed that he had a wife."

"Yes; and now Mrs. Stargold reproaches us all for having dissuaded her from making any attempt to find her brother's widow years ago. We had a prudent dread of impostors; but she didn't wish our advice, and for that reason, among others, she has kept the matter so close. But it is all right now, you may be sure. She has verified every date; she instituted strict inquiries, and now she talks of nothing but reparation, and Francis's memory, and all that. This morning she sent for her brother's widow, and such a scene as we had! Good Heaven!"

"And why," said Mrs. Basil, querulously—"why have I been kept all this time in the dark? Pamela might have confided in me; indeed, she should have done so."

"But," said Sam, speaking for the first time, "the mischief of it, for her, was just this: she could bring no proof of her marriage. The clergyman that performed the ceremony died, and the only witness disappeared. Francis Hendall had the marriage certificate and all, and there she was, you see—ha! ha! Besides, she knew and married him under his middle name of Harmer, you know. I don't suppose he meant to abandon her when he left her. He probably wished to reconcile his family to the match before he acknowledged his marriage; but he died, you see—and there she was. Lucky thing for her that Mrs. Stargold's emissaries stumbled upon that only witness. Basil Redmond happened to hear an old man in a hospital tell a story that tallied with this, and he followed him up."

"Pamela is an excellent creature; oh, yes, an excellent creature," said Mrs. Basil, tremulously. "I am very glad to see justice done here. But she can't expect to inherit the whole of Francis Hendall's property; she's only his widow," she added, in a tone of satisfaction.

"But, begging your pardon, the best part of the story is yet to come," said Miss Ruffner, indignant against the spite of Fortune. "Francis Hendall left, not only a widow, but a son; and that son—Sam named him just now—Basil Redmond."

"Basil Redmond is the son of Warren Redmond, whose wife was a Basil; I know all about him," said Mrs. Basil, with a positive air. "The judge, my husband—"

"So the young man himself believed until this morning," interrupted Miss Ruffner, ruthlessly. "Oh, there is no mistake about it. Miss Basil—for my part I *can't* call her any thing else—had letters and papers from the Redmonds to prove it. Such a scene as we had! The young man fainted. Of course Cousin Elizabeth must know that it is a losing game for her—but I suppose she finds comfort in the approval of her *conscience*. I must do her the justice to say that she did attempt to prepare us yesterday. She wished to send for Miss Basil then, but the storm was raging, and Dr. Garnet persuaded her to wait until this morning. But this son was a revelation none of us looked for."

"Hem! hem!" said Miss Hawkesby, with thoughts too big for utterance. "I congratulate Mrs. Francis Hendall. I have a great esteem for her, and am glad to see justice done here, though it comes so late in the day. As for her son—"

"A clever fellow enough, and in for luck," said Sam.

"Pamela is highly deserving—highly," said Mrs. Basil, slowly. Words seemed to fail her.

"Well, for *my* part," said Miss Ruffner, with spiteful emphasis, "I cannot so readily reconcile myself to it. I always looked upon that woman as occupying a very different sphere from ourselves. And to think of the endless talk to which it must all give rise!"

"Oh, indeed, it will make a great stir," said Mrs. Ruffner, with unction. "Such a piece of news! La, don't you remember about Miss Crane's dream? Extraordinary! But it does take eight letters to spell Stargold, and seven to spell Basil; no, I don't mean Basil, but Hendall.—La, Jane, what time is it? The flowers on my bonnet were perfectly ruined yesterday by the rain; I ought to go to Lebrun's for fresh ones."

"It is one o'clock," said Miss Ruffner, snapping her watch viciously. "You may be sure the news is all over Middleborough by this time. Wasn't Dr. Garnet present yesterday afternoon? And didn't he return this morning to learn the sequel?"

"I've always had a regard for Pamela," babbled Mrs. Basil, unconscious that she was interrupting; "but she was always very reticent with me—very reticent. And Joanna—Joanna is my husband's granddaughter; I never forget that."

"La, yes," cried Mrs. Ruffner; "that child, now—but this makes no difference to her; *she's* just as much nobody as ever *she* was."

"I beg your pardon," growled old Miss Hawkesby; "she's *my* niece."

"Oh, la; to be sure! I beg *your* pardon," said Mrs. Ruffner, whom nothing could abash; "but I forgot that."

"I've always done *my* duty by Joanna," continued Mrs. Basil, speaking with effort. "I hope Pamela will provide for her, now that she has means. But I never put any faith in Lydia Crane's visions—Lydia Crane's vis—"

She stared round the room with an imbecile smile, and the next instant fell back, rigid.

"Oh! oh!—the grandmamma!" screamed Joanna, springing to her side, but instantly shrinking away, appalled at the ghastly distortion of the poor woman's once comely features.

"It is a stroke!" cried Mrs. Ruffner. "Heaven preserve us, I say!"

"Run for the doctor, Sam!" said Miss Ruffner.

"Go for Miss Basil, Joanna," said Miss Hawkesby, forgetting that she whom the world had hitherto known as Miss Basil, bore a different name; yet remembering, the next moment, that that indispensable woman had not yet returned to Basilwood.—"But where is she?" she added, appealing to Miss Ruffner.

"She is with Mrs. Stargold, I fancy, swearing eternal devotion," said Miss Ruffner, peevishly. "At least we left her there."

Miss Hawkesby seemed to stay her with a look.

"Mrs. Basil's case is serious, I fear," said she, ringing the bell. "We must have her taken to her room. What to do for her, I don't know. I wish in my heart that good and sensible woman were here."

"Oh, Dr. Garnet, he'll know, when he comes," said Mrs. Ruffner, cheerfully. She had pulled off Mrs. Basil's shoes, and was rubbing her feet with vigor, but to little purpose.

"It will be some time before he can be here, though, I fear," said Miss Hawkesby, anxiously. "The bridge, you know, was carried away by the storm, and—"

"You don't tell me so!" cried Mrs. Ruffner, in dismay. "Then one couldn't get to Lebrun's? What a misfortune!"

"We must call the servants," said Miss Ruffner, "and take her to her room. Poor Cousin Rowena! See what it is to have one's heart set upon riches. A great shock—a great shock. I hope it may not terminate fatally."

Mrs. Basil was carried to her room, where she remained for the rest of her days, a helpless prisoner. Dr. Garnet, when he came, shook his head gravely, saying that he feared the worst: but when he had exhausted his skill and gone away, the Ruffners returned home to decide upon their plans; Miss Hawkesby and Anita lay down to rest; and only Joanna remained, sitting sobbing by the stricken woman's bedside.

"The grandmamma was good to me," she thought, remembering with simple gratitude the occasional funereal rides in the rickety carriage, the unrestricted access to the old garden, the polonaise, the lace handkerchief, the Roman sash, and the invitation to the dinner-party.

Worn out, at last, with excitement, fatigue, and exhaustion, she fell asleep in her

chair, by the head of Mrs. Basil's massive, old-fashioned bedstead. It was an uneasy slumber, from which she was awakened by the grim Myra, saying in an awesome whisper:

"Miss J'anna! Miss J'anna! Miss Pamela has come and *sont* for you."

Joanna roused herself with a start. It was late. The sun had long gone down, and the twilight gloom now hung about the silent house, investing the dark and heavy furniture with an uncanny aspect.

"You go, and I'll stay," said Myra, still in that blood-chilling whisper, and nodding her turban with a ghoul-like air at Mrs. Basil, lying in a sort of stupor. "*She* ought not to be left."

Joanna rose with a shudder and left the room. All that she had heard that morning had startled and bewildered her painfully. She felt, now, so far and so strangely removed from her whom she had known hitherto as the plain, hard-working manager of the affairs of Basilwood, and the strict, uncomfortable guardian of her own early years, that she seemed to herself like one in a dream, traversing vast spaces, as she wearily dragged her way through the dusky gloom of the long hall, to that familiar little nook, known as Miss Basil's room. She felt as though years had passed since yesterday, when she saw her prim cousin go forth in water-proof and over-shoes to carry comfort to the Griswolds: so true it is, "we live in feelings, not in figures on a dial." Poor Joanna trembled as she reflected that the prim cousin, who had gone out in the storm on her errand of mercy, could never more return; but that in her place had come a new woman, with a new name and a new life; and, trembling thus, she entered the familiar, yet unfamiliar presence.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LIVING FOR SOMETHING

THE "late" Miss Basil was seated by the window, looking, except for a certain subdued excitement, much the same as usual; but, in the pale light, Joanna saw, with a pang of mingled dismay and indignation, that the bed was strewn with the treasures that had always been in the jealous keeping of the little brass-studded bureau in the corner—old-fashioned ornaments, fans, buckles, bead-bags—how keenly had Joanna, in her childish days, enjoyed the occasional glimpses chance had afforded of these hoarded relics of a day gone by! But to see them now, spread out to the light in this way, filled her with pain and resentment; it seemed to her as though *Mrs. Hendall* was about to administer upon Miss Basil's effects, and the old spirit of antagonism quickly took possession of Joanna's heart.

"O Joanna," said Miss Basil, or Mrs. Hendall, as she was henceforth to be called, speaking in a strange, excited voice, "come in; I have so much to say to you! The time has arrived—"

"Yes, 'Mela," said Joanna, whom habit still controlled; "I know I've been disobe-

dient, and I've suffered enough for it. I promised you that I would not leave the house, and I went into the town through the storm and was caught there. It was all for Anita's sake."

"Well, child," said the Pamela of old, "it's no uncommon thing for you to be wise in your own conceit. Miss Hawkesby and your sister have told me all about it. I hope it will be an everlasting lesson to you. My son—" and it was Mrs. Hendall that spoke now—but she paused, and looked at Joanna, half in pride, and half in embarrassment; whereupon, Joanna, assuming a stony bearing, only said—

"I know."

"Anita admits that she is chiefly to blame," continued Pamela, with the new voice and manner that belonged to Mrs. Hendall, "and I waive all discussion on the subject—for the present, at least, Joanna—" and now it was clearly the old, original Pamela that spoke—"I wish now to speak of other things," resumed Mrs. Hendall. "Miss Hawkesby tells me that you have this morning heard—my story."

"Yes, 'Mela."

"It is unnecessary, then, for me to go over it again," said Pamela, nervously. "Your aunt, Miss Hawkesby, is a woman of character, Joanna, a woman of sterling character. I didn't rightly appreciate her at first—owing to circumstances—but she's uncommonly sensible. Not one in a hundred could understand so readily my position—my *changed* position. She has met me at once on equal ground, and has advised me most sensibly. She agrees with all my views. She thinks the details of my—story should be known; and I don't intend to be secret in this matter. Some day, I shall tell you all about my life before I came here; but it is enough, now, to say that when I was young and foolish, like you, Joanna, I allowed myself to be persuaded into a clandestine marriage."

"But I wouldn't have done that *ever*," 'Mela,' said Joanna, not without a conscious superiority.

"Joanna," said Pamela, with asperity, "don't assume to sit in judgment upon those that have seen more of life than you have."

"No, 'Mela," said Joanna, meekly.

"I am well aware," continued Mrs. Hendall, with an access of dignity, "that those Ruffians have not spared comment; but I am prepared for envy, hatred, and malice; and Heaven forbid that I should cast any reflections upon any one! No, Joanna; I trust that I appreciate my position. I've had a long period of trial in God's providence to prepare me for this, no doubt."

"Yes, I know, 'Mela," said Joanna, sadly. "Every thing is changed."

"Yes; and I trust that I shall accept the change in a proper spirit," said Mrs. Hendall, with a rising flush, and a very perceptible flutter. "I shall feel it my duty to study whatever is becoming to my changed position in every respect. I've been looking over my possessions. Many of these things have come into fashion again, I find, and can well be used. They will save unnecessary expenditure, which in all cases it is a duty to

avoid. But—my son has told me that he likes dress; and your aunt, Miss Hawkesby, a very sensible woman, advises me to adopt a different style. Still, I shall dress from a sense of duty and fitness, and not for vain-glory. For, Joanna, let me warn you: when riches increase, set not your heart upon them. I've been quite exercised as to the effect this change might have upon you."

"I have no riches, 'Mela," said Joanna, quietly.

"As if it were not all the same!" said Pamela, tartly. "You don't seem the least glad, Joanna; you don't seem to care at all for the good fortune that has befallen me, after all these years, too! I was up all last night; and yet I couldn't sleep now a wink, if I tried, for thinking of all these things that have happened so strangely, and contriving how to have my clothes altered so as to save expense, and yet dress to please my son—my son that was taken away from me so long! He is mine now, before the world. Yet you don't appear to be the least glad!"

"O 'Mela!" cried Joanna, bursting into tears. "Forgive me! I am glad for you, very glad for you; but oh, so sorry for myself!"

"I wish you wouldn't, Joanna," said Pamela, querulously. "The judge, your grandfather, left you to me. One might think I've threatened to abandon you. You reflect upon me, really. Of course you are just the same to me as ever. My sister-in-law, Mrs. Stargold, has acted in a most praiseworthy manner. The greater part of her property came from—from my son's father, and she voluntarily surrenders it to us—to Basil and me, that is; and we shall all live together; we couldn't refuse her that; and, of course, this will be the better for you."

"Live here at Basilwood?" asked Joanna, innocently.

"Of course not, Joanna. What are you thinking of?"

"'Mela," said Joanna, solemnly, "I am thinking of the grandmamma."

"Mrs. Basil. Yes," said Pamela, with sudden recollection. "Dr. Garnet says it's serious. But her relations must see to her."

"You are one of her relations," said Joanna, sturdily.

"Not by her permission, as I very well know," said Mrs. Hendall, with an angry flush. "And she has nearer relations than I."

"She has no one—no one!" cried Joanna, passionately. "She is like myself, she has nobody. You have found a fortune and a son. Anita and my aunt—they are reconciled to each other. But the poor grandmamma is alone. Mr. Arthur Hendall must be away, you know. The poor grandmamma, I cannot forsake her!"

"Do you owe so much to her?" said Pamela, bitterly.

"She never was unkind to me," said Joanna. "She took me to ride in her carriage; she let me pull the flowers as I pleased; she gave me that lovely polonaise when I hadn't a decent thing to wear; she had me at her dining; and she would have done more, she said so, if she had had the means."

"And shall not I now give you your heart's desire?" cried Pamela, irritably. "I

know how your heart is set upon dress, Joanna, notwithstanding all my diligence to inculcate a proper indifference to such vanities, and I'm quite prepared to hear you say that you must have all the new fashions; and, indeed, to a certain extent—"

"No, 'Mela," interrupted Joanna, gravely, "I do like the pomps and vanities, as you say; but my heart is not set on them. I am not caring *now* about the new fashions; I am caring about living for something—"

"Mercy guide us! What *has* come over the child?" cried Pamela, uneasily.

"A great change, 'Mela," said Joanna, with a sigh. "I know that I have been a trouble and a care to you all my days, that I can never repay all you have done for me; but, just now, you do not need me"—and here poor Joanna's voice almost forsook her—"and the grandmamma does."

"I am to give you up to her, then?" cried Pamela, stormily. "And what do I owe her, that I should make such a sacrifice? It was her fault entirely that my boy went away, and was lost to me all these years."

"He was not lost to you," said Joanna, with gentle reproach. "Is he not restored to you now?"

"Nothing can ever restore the years that are gone," said Pamela, bitterly.

"O 'Mela!" said Joanna, "you pray about every thing; did you not pray when all this good fortune befell you unawares? As for me, I know this, that God has put it into my heart to stay with the grandmamma in her—extremity; and, when she needs me no more, then—O 'Mela! my 'Mela! I cannot give you up forever!—*then* may I come to you, and find you, for all your new name, and your new—estate, unchanged to me?"

And, with these words, Joanna, in a wild outburst of weeping, threw herself into her cousin's arms, and was comforted. She was comforted, because Pamela, too much overcome to preach, could only clasp her and weep with her.

Indeed, this new Pamela, who was henceforth to be known as Mrs. Hendall, was already beginning to resign faith in her own judgment in favor of the son whom she was now entitled to acknowledge before the world. She loved Joanna better, because *he* had praised her; and she admired this child, even while she disapproved, for the earnestness with which she persisted in a course that promised nothing but hardship and difficulty. *Nothing!* Had this long-suffering Pamela then learned so little from the lesson of her life? "The child does not know what she would undertake," she said to herself; "just when she might have all she wants, too; for is she not as much mine now as ever? But my son shall reason with her."

And, soothed by this reflection, Pamela, by silence, seemed to acquiesce in all Joanna's wishes.

But Joanna was not to be dissuaded from her purpose. When Pamela's son came to tell her about his mother's plans, in which he insisted that Joanna was entitled to be considered, he found her firm in her determination to remain with Mrs. Basil.

"I live, and therefore I must live for something," she said, simply. "I am very

young, I know, and not very wise; I cannot do great things; but I can do what I see is to be done." (The little Joanna was wiser than she knew.) "The poor grandmamma was never unkind to me, and she is all alone. I can try to be a comfort to her, and begin to live for something."

"Is there nothing else you can accomplish in your zeal to do good, Joanna?" said he, eagerly. "Can you not plead mine and your sister's cause? Joanna, you must talk to my mother; you must talk to your aunt; you are in high favor now, and you ought to be willing to atone for the mischief you did us."

"People should be married respectably at home," said this proper young maiden. "But I will talk to Pamela and to my aunt, if you think it would make Anita happy."

"I'm not so very sure about that," said Anita, mockingly.—"Joanna, you wretched little marplot! I might have married a poor man from disinterested affection; but now this wicked world, with Aurelia Caruthers at their head, will brand me as a mercenary creature—why, don't you know how ardently she espouses Sam Ruffner's cause?"

"I shouldn't mind Aurelia Caruthers," said Joanna, loftily. And then she went to talk to Pamela and her aunt; and, of course, she carried her point.

But when Miss Hawkesby, whose heart was now ardently set upon having her long-neglected little niece to live with her, would fain have persuaded Joanna to leave the care of Mrs. Basil to some more competent person, she received only the solemn answer, "I must live for something." Then Miss Hawkesby entreated Mrs. Stargold to reason with Joanna; but the consequence was, that Mrs. Stargold became Joanna's champion.

"None of you can understand this child as I do," said she—"I, who have just tasted the supreme satisfaction of abjuring my own advantage for the sake of others. Joanna must not be denied a like satisfaction, say I; who can estimate the good it may do her? Joanna must have her way in this." To Mrs. Hendall and Miss Hawkesby she said, privately, "It can last but a little while, and we must so arrange as to relieve the child of all care and responsibility." And so Joanna had her way.

It was arranged, then, upon consultation with Arthur Hendall, who had been sent for in haste, that Mrs. Basil should have a competent attendant and nurse. Then Pamela's son wished to devote some of his unexpected wealth to Joanna's benefit. But in this, young-man-like, he bungled sadly. He owed so much, he said, to the good old judge, that Joanna ought to be willing to let him afford her the means of improving her education; whereupon old Miss Hawkesby took fire, and indignantly declared that her niece should never be indebted to him for any such thing; that since Joanna was obstinately bent upon secluding herself at Basilwood, she, her aunt, should see that a fitting governess was installed to watch over the child. "Do not I know everybody?" cried she. "And are there not numbers of impoverished women among our best families who would be thankful to occupy such a place? Leave that to

me, my young friend, and don't concern yourself about matters too high for you. You'll find Anita quite enough to manage."

"Thank you, aunt," said Anita. "You are a wise woman in your predictions; you always said I never should be Mrs. Basil Redmond."

"Well, well," said Miss Hawkesby, "I always knew you must sooner or later acknowledge my wisdom. And so, you'll see, I'll put the right woman in the right place when I engage a governess for our Joanna."

So, Miss Hawkesby, before she returned to the world where she knew everybody, consoled herself for the forfeiture of Joanna, by installing one of those numerous acquaintances as duenna; and Joanna, under this lady's protecting presence, quietly settled down to her new life, not a sad one by any means. For, though Mrs. Basil never left her room again while she lived, she so far recovered as to be able to occupy the wheeled-chair that Arthur sent her, and to prattle mildly about the little interests that Joanna, by dint of birds, flowers, pictures, and fancy-work, contrived to create for her. Her mind had received an irreparable shock; she had no recollection of what had befallen her; but she seemed, in some confused way, to identify Joanna with Arthur, and her only fear was that Miss Hawkesby would come and take away the companion of her solitude.

Mrs. Stargold and her new-found relatives went to a place near by, which they repaired and made their permanent residence. The Ruffners departed precipitately for Westport. If they had wished to ignore Francis Hendall's widow and son, they must have found that the public sentiment of Middleborough, led by Mrs. Carl Tomkins, was too strong for them to resist. It was impossible, while that all-pervading spirit claimed to inspire society in our town, to deny that Mrs. Francis Hendall's remarkable character and extraordinary abilities amply entitled her to Fortune's favors. And this sentiment Mrs. Carl Tomkins took occasion to propagate betimes, as she went from house to house, a few days after the storm, asking contributions to an ice-cream supper to be given in connection with the postponed tableaux, for the purpose of reestablishing the bridge on a sure and firm basis. Such an opportunity for a display of public spirit was not to be neglected by a woman of Mrs. Carl Tomkins's capacity for business.

To this entertainment Joanna went; and she would not have been Joanna if she had not keenly enjoyed the crowd, the excitement, the dazzle, and blaze, and the perfection of her toilet, that Anita herself superintended; but these delights could not shake her purpose to remain with Mrs. Basil. And not even the glory of acting as first bride's-maid to Anita, attired in the white organdie and scarlet geraniums, could make her repent her choice to stay with the grandmamma until she should need her no more. Indeed, nobody could supply her place to Mrs. Basil; and, though Mrs. Francis Hendall or Mrs. Stargold came for a few moments every day, they had many other interests to absorb their time and attention, and Joanna, for the most part, was left alone with her afflicted charge,

who would not endure the presence of Miss Hawkesby's friend the governess.

The waning summer changed to autumn, and autumn gave place to winter, and winter yielded to spring, and spring grew into summer again. And all this time there was little perceptible alteration in the condition of the poor paralytic; but in Joanna what a wondrous change was wrought! What a calm and star-like beauty shone in that thin, brown face of hers, thinner now, and paler, for lack of that freedom of the garden, the one great boon that inspired her gratitude to the grandmamma, who moaned and whimpered when her tender little ministrant left her, and smiled and feebly stretched out her almost useless hands in welcome when she came again. In all this, Joanna found a heavenly joy the garden could never yield, even in the time of apple-blossoms.

And Arthur Hendall, who in the beginning paid short duty-visits at long intervals, came oftener at last, and staid longer, in spite of that watchful dragon, the governess, Miss Hawkesby's friend, who, if the truth be told, entertained rather a motherly weakness for Arthur, and favored him above everybody else. For, if Middleborough gossip may be believed, Joanna was not without abundant temptation to abandon her self-imposed service. Sam Ruffner, learning (from his mother, probably, through Lydia Crane) that Miss Hawkesby regarded this niece with peculiar favor, and that Mrs. Francis Hendall still kept up the insurance on her life, quickly recovered from the depression caused by Anita's marriage, and, under pretense of solicitude for his afflicted relative, came up from Westport to pay his court to Joanna. Also Dr. Garnet, although Dame Rumor had so long devoted him to Aurelia Caruthers, offered to endow the judge's penniless granddaughter with his name and all his worldly possessions; and nervous little Mr. Leasom prayed her to share his quiet life.

Time was when these conquests, inasmuch as they implied no badly-broken hearts, would have filled Joanna's soul with exultation; but now they were more a source of trial than of triumph. "I shall never marry," she declared; but she afterward modified this assertion so far as to say to Arthur, "I shall never marry while the grandmamma lives"—which amendment Arthur did not permit her to forget when Mrs. Basil, in the early autumn, was laid in the grave that so surprised us by its shortness, proving that the stately lady who carried the ivory-headed staff with so grand an air was, after all, a woman of few inches.

"You say you must live for something, Joanna," said he, "and all this time you have been living for my aunt. So, by your own showing, to live for something means simply to live for somebody; and you may as well live for me."

And what did Miss Hawkesby say to this? "Well, Joanna, I suppose I am old, as you reminded me more than a year ago; but I'm not in my dotage, and I'm not going to oppose any young woman so bent on having her own way."

And Mrs. Francis Hendall, a sort of elevated and modified Pamela: "I hope, Jo-

anna, that you will consider the solemnity of the step you are about to take, and not enter the holy estate of matrimony rashly nor from motives of vanity."

"And I shall take care that you are married respectfully at home," cries Anita.

THE END.

A FOURTH OF JULY IN SAN MARINO.

ALL Rimini slumbered as we rattled through the town early one dark morning on the Fourth of July. It seemed as if the city had slept for ages. To be sure, its grass-grown streets, terminating in broad fields and richly-cultivated gardens, are rarely disturbed by the rumble of wheels, and even the chief squares and broadest thoroughfares are only alive on the occasion of a country fair or a market-day. Nature seems to be gradually claiming its own, for the green fields creep farther and farther through the tumble-down gates, and the ambitious weeds and grass hide the paving-stones for a long distance cityward. On the water-side the crumbling quays and neglected walls induce the belief that the sea will finally reclaim its share of the heaped-up monuments of pride and wealth that distinguished the town in its days of prosperity, and now mark it as one of the most interesting cities in Northern Italy. Pilgrims find, in the stately old piazza Giulio Cesare, the rostrum from which Cæsar harangued the soldiers after crossing the neighboring Rubicon; and the more devout pay homage to the spot where St. Anthony preached to the fishes. So the town has its quota of interesting curiosities, quite in proportion to its size. Comparatively few strangers, however, are drawn thither by this brief list of unique attractions, and the stock sights are not important enough to be generally considered worth "doing." Perhaps the city seemed all the more sleepy on the gray morning of which I write, because of the contrast with the evening previous. The excitement caused by the arrival of two strangers out of season had subsided by ten o'clock in the evening, and before that hour all the town-people, and, I am almost ready to say, all their country relatives besides, were talking about us quietly but earnestly. They spotted us at the railway-station, of course, for didn't we wear garments of the Venetian cut, and wasn't our language, not to speak of the accent, quite as mongrel as two years' residence among the peasants in the different provinces could make it? A promiscuous rabble had followed us up to the hotel, resolved to carry for us, against our will, our hand-bags and umbrellas. But we triumphed, for we fought *commissionnaires* and guides all these seasons, and weren't to be caught in Rimini.

San Marino was to be the end of our pilgrimage, and we spent the first part of the evening in trying to drive a sharp bargain with the army of cabmen who stood ready to take us to the republic at daybreak the next day. The "ring system" was in full operation, notwithstanding the fact that it was

not the season, and after an hour or two of vigorous conversation we retired, disgusted, to the *café*, and put on native airs by stirring our ices into our glasses of water, and smoking the long, shapeless cigars. At last the patience of my friend gave out, and he retired to sleep, leaving me to settle the affair as best I could. This was the question, simple enough too: Given—the fair price, ten francs; the price charged, twenty francs; the upholders of high tariff, the numerous body of voluble *vetturini*; the stickler for a fair recompense and champion of travelers' rights, a simple American citizen, with only a couple of score of oaths at command, and a very limited vocabulary of the dialect of the district. I had served out all my Neapolitan signs, I had exhausted my oaths, and had emphasized them by constant and rapid repetition. The enemy had driven me into the *café*, and it was a drawn game.

Shortly after my friend had retired, a smartly-dressed young fellow sat down at the little table I partly occupied, took up a newspaper, read a little, and soon began to talk. After a few commonplaces exchanged between us, he led off with—

"Is the signore a stranger?"

"He certainly is," I replied.

"Excuse me, but is he a foreigner?" and the questioner assumed a somewhat patronizing air.

"Pardon me, my friend," I said, with as much dignity as I could command, having from the first put my examiner down as a *commissionnaire*, on account of the loudness of his necktie and the cast-off foreign look of his garments; "of course you know I am a foreigner; you have heard me speak. Now, what have you to sell? I don't want to buy any thing. Are you a guide? I don't want to engage one—I know this country. Are you an hotel-runner? I have an hotel;" and I answered my own questions in rapid succession.

My chipper friend stroked his green necktie, pulled his coat—English cut—together, glanced at each shoulder, and replied, this time rather humbly, and with a your-servant-air:

"But the signore *forestiere* speaks such perfect Italian" (the stock compliment), "that I did not—that is—perhaps his excellency might not be aware that the republic of San Marino is near by, and if his excellency would condescend to take a carriage to visit this great and wonderful place, I might be so bold as to offer him my humble and gratuitous assistance in procuring one;" and, he having here reached the perigee of humility, I was exhausted enough from my evening's work to nibble at the bait he held out in spite of my well-founded distrust of *commissionnaires*.

"What will it cost?"

"Twenty francs and *buona mano*."

"I'll give ten, and no *buona mano*."

"Impossible."

"I'll give ten."

"O signore!"

"I'll give ten and no more."

"Perhaps we might find one for eighteen."

"I'll give ten"—fingers held up in dumb-show.

"Perhaps for sixteen francs, signore."

Dumb-show on my part again, and expression of rigid determination on my face.

"Possibly a very bad carriage for fourteen, signore."

Dumb-show repeated, with exaggerated grimaces on my part.

"A wretched trap for twelve is not impossible, signore."

Another show of hands, and the young man retired with great dismay before the expression of my countenance, expressing as he went the most polite regret at the small success of our bargaining.

As I expected, he returned shortly to offer the carriage again for twelve francs.

"I'll give ten," and once more I added the dumb-show.

A second exit and a second return followed, and, convinced at last that the lowest was reached, I concluded to open negotiations on that basis.

"What commission do you get if I take the carriage?" I asked.

"Not a soldo, your excellency."

"You do this for charity, then?"

"The driver is my brother" (the stock reply).

We settled about the horse, the wagon, the time, and all, not forgetting to stipulate that there should be no *buona mano*, or fee, and I went to bed with a mixed feeling of satisfaction at having concluded a bargain, and of disgust at myself for having employed a go-between. At four A. M. the next day the same smart young fellow, with his hat a bit more on one side, his green necktie in exactly the same folds as on the day before, and his dainty cane twirling in his fingers, came into our room at the hotel, and announced that the team was in readiness. We consulted a moment about the weather, for it was raining; concluded to risk its clearing up at noon; crawled into the damp carriage, bade good-by to our jaunty friend, and rattled off toward San Marino. That is how we happened to be in the streets of Rimini at such an early hour on a rainy Fourth of July.

The country back of Rimini is rolling; the hills, for the most part covered with a profusion of trees and rich vegetation, rise higher and higher as they recede from the coast, until they culminate in the serrated peaks of the Apennines. At occasional intervals a sharp peak, crowned with a town or a ruined castle, rises far above the neighboring round summits, and carries the eye to the hazy mountain-tops in the horizon. The most prominent of all these isolated peaks is a long, irregular bluff, with steep, rocky precipices and three prominent summits. This is the citadel and town of San Marino, a landmark along the coast for many leagues, distinctly visible far beyond Ravenna, and, from its peculiar form and remarkable height, is a noticeable feature of the landscape seen from the sea-shore or the mountain-tops.

As we left the town that rainy morning and wound along between the dripping hedgerows and over the soaked fields, we could see at every turn a great blue wall of rock, a dozen miles away, standing boldly out against the gray sky, its summit veiled by a long bank of dense clouds, and its cold, dark sides

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contracting strongly with the hazy distance beyond and the yellow of the ripening harvests at its base. From this distance the path leading to the top was not visible, and the town itself was completely hidden by the rolling vapor. Only a delicate line across the broad fields that lie at the foot of the precipices marked the way we were to take, and this seemed to have no origin, and to lose itself in the accumulation at the base of the great cliffs. After a brisk drive of an hour, we crossed a little stone bridge, and our driver, who was not disposed to be over-communicative, solemnly announced that we were in the republic. We removed our hats, rose in the carriage, and bowed to the landscape and to the bright sun just then struggling through the clouds and dispelling the storm. The mighty, cloud-compelling rock displayed now all its burden of turrets and spires and roofs, and the flakes of broken clouds trailed slowly along the flanks of the far-off mountains. We saw that the welcome was a glorious one, yet were not too enthusiastic, for we must think, in spite of ourselves, that it was a conventional thing after all, a job put up for the benefit of all travelers who are cursed with bad weather on their way to the republic. It was such an everyday performance on the part of the sun to come out pat just at the instant! A few moments later, and we halted in the little village of Serravalle, the counterpart of all Italian villages, a single paved street, a dazzling extent of whitewashed walls, a tumble-down inn, a few wine-shops, a *Spaccio di Tobacco e Sale*, and a public well. Our driver disappeared in an instant, and we sought to pass the time in the wine-shop opposite our halting-place. A gray-bearded man stood in the doorway. An impulse to interview seized me, and I began:

"Good-morning, signore cittadino."

He smiled at my choice of titles, and asked me in return if I was also a citizen.

"Yes; of the United States of America."

The republican lifted his hat at the last words with evident respect for the name of the great republic, and his earnestness gave me quite a twinge at the recollection of the somewhat mock reverence we had displayed on our entrance to the tiny country. We needed no further introduction, and from the moment we made known our nationality we were received as friends by the veteran republican and all his family and neighbors, who soon crowded the little wine-shop to listen to the conversation. It could not have been our imagination that invested these Italian republicans with a character at once nobler, broader, and more manly than we found in their neighbors, for our later experience proved to us that the Sammarinese are distinct from the Italian subjects in just the degree and kind of attributes likely to be engendered by their universal pride of country and institutions, by their self-reliance and traditional freedom. Our conversation with the veteran was very entertaining, and we were just beginning to find out that the fact of being a republican in the heart of a monarchy filled the fortunate individual with a sense of his position, when the driver popped his head into the door, announced that the

team was ready, gulped down a tumblerful of water and *mistra*, and we reluctantly followed him.

Our amazement at finding a pair of stout gray oxen hitched in front of our horse may be imagined. We naturally railed at the idea of dragging a light, single-seated carriage with a heavy yoke of oxen and a horse, we chaffed the driver about his animals, and loudly scorned the steepness of the ascent in front of us. But, long before we reached the end of this last league, we found reason to change our tune, for the road winds across the cornfields up, up, and always up—grades so steep that one climbs them with great difficulty; long, tedious hills that flattered us with the impression that on the summit must stand the great rock that was the goal of our pilgrimage. Over an hour of slow climbing, and suddenly we found ourselves nearing the small village called the Borgo Maggiore, at the foot of the great, gray, damp cliffs now glistening in the sunlight. Another moment, and we were in the little, irregular, paved square, with the hotel, the shops, and the market full of farmers bargaining for fish. On our way to the hotel we ran the gantlet of the cherry-sellers and the fish-women, who imagined us an easy prey, but we marched straight on up the picturesque stairway and into the great kitchen with its immense fireplace and its wealth of polished copper utensils. We ordered dinner and started to walk to the top of the cliffs by a broad, newly-constructed roadway, that winds to the summit in an easy ascent.

Fifteen minutes of brisk walking, each turn in the path unfolding new landscapes below us, and widening the magnificent extent of the view, brought us to the cathedral and the post-office, and we began an exploration of the town. The summit of the immense rock is very irregular in form, having a length of perhaps a quarter of a mile, and a mean width of less than half this distance. This is entirely covered with houses, and the narrow, steep streets cross each other at every angle, shoot under arches and over dry bridges, and otherwise accommodate themselves to the rough surfaces of the rock. Less than a thousand people inhabit this perch, about twenty-eight hundred feet above the sea, and nine hundred feet above the village—Borgo Maggiore—below. In the town itself there is little to see. The church is a modern restoration of the fine old structure that once stood there. The museum is interesting from the small number of very simple relics and curiosities it contains; the collection of the celebrated numismatist, Bartolommeo Borghesi, well repays a visit, but there is no structure of any architectural pretensions. The castle is the notable object of interest. It occupies the crest of an arid rock that overlooks the town, and perches with its high towers on the very edge of the overhanging cliffs. From its turrets you may drop a pebble nine hundred feet into the fields below. A narrow pathway leads over the mossy ledges to the great gate-way under a tower, and diligent ringing brings the keeper to open the oaken door. The romance is somewhat clouded

when we learn that the casemates are now used as cells, and that the custodian is the jailer of the republic. There were four prisoners in the cells, two convicted of petty thefts, and the others charged with slight misdemeanors. It seemed very much like play-jail, for the prisoners stuck their heads through the square openings in their cell-doors, smoked their short pipes, and chatted with each other and with the keeper in a very social way. The whole establishment is on a diminutive scale quite in harmony with the extent of the republic. The rambling old castle contains few rooms, and the jailer and family inhabit a central apartment very picturesquely arranged, through which one passes to ascend the bell-tower. We paid our respects to the bells, that the keeper patted with a sort of fatherly tenderness, and, shuddering at the immense elevation at which we found ourselves, forgot it all again in the contemplation of the grand extent of the view before us. The broad sea-line first strikes the eye, then the distant town of Ravenna away to the north. Below and toward the east are the roofs of Rimini, and the single narrow road winds like a trail over the hills. To the south are several city-crowned hills, among them Urbino, the birthplace of Raphael; to the west, the sea of mountain-tops, half-hidden by drifting clouds. Directly below us the fields lay like a many-colored map, and broad, dark shadows of the clouds that hung below us moved majestically to the leeward. The extent and variety of the prospect are most striking, and the foreground is the two isolated towers that cling to the top of seemingly inaccessible peaks to the south of the castle, and the roofs of the town to the north. In these three peaks of the rock is seen the design of the coat of arms of the republic—three isolated towers.

As we were enjoying the grand landscape, the breeze which played around the lofty bell-tower bore suddenly the unmistakable odor of dinner. Without stopping to reason that it might be, after all, the jailer's Sunday meal and not our own, although the hotel was almost directly below us—nine hundred feet, to be sure—we hastily bade good-by to the keeper, shook hands with his pretty daughter, and made our best time to the hotel.

There was quite a little stir among the people at the foot of the hotel-stairs as we approached. The crowd separated to allow us to pass, and all hats were deferentially doffed. It was plain that something was up. However, we did not stop to inquire, but went straight on to the kitchen again. There we found a large table set for us and the innkeeper's family. It dawned upon us now that the driver had been announcing our nationality and the day we celebrated, which accounted for his intimate chatter with the driver of the oxen on the way up—one of the family of the veteran of Serravalle. All around the smoke-stained walls hung branches of cherry-tree laden with rich, ripe fruit; bits of green decorated the mantel-shelf, and there was a freshly-scrubbed look about every bit of furniture and the arsenal of copper pans on the shelves and the dress-

er. The heaped-up dishes on the table sent up clouds of fragrant steam; bouquets of rich flowers mingled their odor with the scent of the tomato and the rosemary, and we sat down to soup and fish, macaroni with tomatoes, *risotto*, beef and various vegetables, the standard salad, and plenty of most excellent wine.

It was after the first tumblerful of wine that the landlord, an intelligent man of forty years, coached us up on the history of the republic, which he seemed to have at his tongue's end; and when he did not find the date or the name he desired he turned to his curly-headed daughter at his side—a girl of perhaps ten years—who supplied the wanting word with school-girl promptitude. And this is the gist of the information our good host imparted, and the source of his knowledge we never suspected until he produced, as a parting gift later in the day, a history of the republic, written by one of its citizens:

According to tradition, in the middle of the fifth century, a rock-cutter named Marino, a native of Arbe di Damatia, came to Rimini, driven from his country by religious persecution, and established himself at the hill where now stands San Marino, then known by the name of the Titan Rock. Little by little he gathered around him a crowd of followers, attracted by the simple earnestness of his life and his apparent holiness. The fame of the exile and his religious zeal attracted the notice of the Bishop of Rimini, who called Marino to that city to assist in the promulgation of the true faith, and then made him a deacon. But, tired of the bustle of the town, the rock-cutter soon returned to his cavern, and passed the remainder of his life in converting and doing good. After his death he was made a saint, and the Titan Rock assumed his name. This little community continued to flourish, hidden away among the hills, unknown to the world, self-governing and self-sustaining, and the next we hear of it is in the middle ages, as supporting a monastery, and furnishing a general asylum for the persecuted. In the beginning, the rector of the monastery was recognized as the head of the community; but, as the families increased in size, they adopted the usual form of government in small societies—a council composed of the heads of families. In the eleventh century, in common with other cities and communities, San Marino was fortified, and at the same time the judicial power was separated from the executive, the people liberated themselves altogether from the authority of the rector of the monastery, and transferred the supreme power from the heads of the families to a general council.

In the obstinate strife of the following century, between the popes and the foreign powers, the commune of San Marino extended its territory by purchase and annexation. The history for centuries after this becomes the record of various attempts on the part of the papal and other powers to get possession of the sturdy little republic. I give only the most prominent events of this very interesting history:

In 1291, Hildebrand, Bishop of Arezzo, demanded taxes of the Sammarinese to support the government of Romagna, of which

he was the rector. The republic refused, and judges were sent by Hildebrand to inquire into the cause of the refusal. The decision was given in favor of the Sammarinese "because they were free, and of some certain superiority and domination." The persecutions of the popes, beginning with Bonifazio VIII., were resisted *vi et armis*, and the republic gained so much territory during the strife that peace was granted them. In the middle of the fifteenth century San Marino was under the protection and in alliance with the princes of Urbino against the Malatesti. Later allied in addition with Alphonse of Aragon, King of Naples, they conquered the Malatesti again. At the end of this century they were in the height of their prosperity, having acquired all the territory they now own, and being friends with the Vatican and the Urbini. In 1503 Cæsar Borgia, having extended his power and conquests as far as Urbino, tried to lay his hands on the republic, now without a protector. A commissioner was sent to Venice to declare their readiness to become subject to the powerful Venetian republic. But their declarations were not listened to, and for a few months, or until they shook off the yoke by a popular uprising, they were under the rule of Cæsar Borgia.

During the pontificate of Paul III., in 1542, they came near losing their liberty from an attack and surprise by the troops under Fabiano da Monte, nephew of the Cardinal del Monte, but the invaders were beaten off. This century was marked also by a series of internal disorders which severely tried the strength of the little republic. Having been for some time protected by the Dukes of Urbino, and the affairs of both parties prospering in consequence of the alliance, the last duke, Francesco Maria II., began to fear, toward the close of his childless life, that at his death the republic would be endangered by the jealousy of adjoining powers. He accordingly encouraged the Sammarinese to send to Pope Clement VIII. to make a treaty with the Santa Sede. The treaty was made and ratified, and, on the extinction of the family of the Dukes of Urbino, the republic came under the protection of the Vatican. Notwithstanding their now well-established position as an independent power, the Sammarinese were at this time continually in trouble among themselves. Various petty factions showed their heads, and personal ambitions of different schemers, encouraged by the ignorant devotion of their followers, frequently threatened to overturn the government. The education of the people could alone effect a cure for this state of affairs, and just at the right moment the state was happily made heir to a property of a certain Giacomo Beluzzi, who, in 1661, willed an estate to the republic to establish a laical college. The enlightening influence of this school struggled long with the general corruption in both private and public stations, a corruption which was the result of the continued misery of the people during their long struggles for liberty, and an element nursed by the great concourse of outlaws who fled the laws of other states.

In 1797 Napoleon paused in his victori-

ous march through Romagna, moved by a great veneration for the antique republic, and sent the illustrious Monge to present, in the name of the French Republic, the most cordial protestations of esteem and respect, and to offer arms and munitions of war, and an extension of territory. The Sammarinese reasoned that an extension of territory was dangerous, and declined to accept this part of the generous offer. They did, however, accept the offer of the cannon, but never received them, through the oversight or forgetfulness of the officers charged to deliver them. The protection of Napoleon was of great assistance to the republic, but, when the Napoleonic power fell, and the old governments were restored, it was proved that the safety of the state lay in its very diminutive extent, and it was enabled to live on unmolested until 1825, when a report was circulated at the papal court of Leo XII. that the republic was irreverent to the ecclesiastical power, and favorable to alliance with the enemies of the Vatican and of monarchical governments. Antonio Onofri, moderator and regulator of state affairs, already distinguished by many services, went to Rome, and succeeded in bringing back renewals of the old conventions, and was in gratitude named by the republic *Padre della Patria*.

In July and August, 1849, the territory of the republic was the theatre of some most exciting events. General Garibaldi, with his legion, was entrapped by the Austrians at the frontiers of San Marino. He, with his troops, sought the protection of the republic. The conditions of capitulation proposed by the Austrians, through the mediation of the republic, were considered by Garibaldi to be too severe, and he, with a few followers, made his escape.

Two years later the Austrian troops, supported by the papal reserves, again made their appearance before the republic, demanding the delivery of certain enemies of the pontifical government who had taken refuge in the territory. The council-general invited the Austrians to enter and take the persons sought. Thirty-two refugees were carried away. Two years after this event the government of Rome endeavored to induce the Tuscan government to take possession of the republic under pretext of establishing order there, but, through the influence of the French ambassador to Rome, nothing came of this attempt. After the war for the Italian independence, the republic, finding itself surrounded by the kingdom of Italy, sent ambassadors to Victor Emmanuel, who concluded a treaty of friendship and commerce, through which the Sammarinese received the solemn recognition of all their old liberty, sovereignty, and independence, and the amelioration of their financial and commercial condition. The money of San Marino now had, by virtue of this treaty, free circulation in the kingdom of Italy. In 1864 the republic coined fourteen thousand francs in copper, and in 1869 thirty thousand; since that time there has been no new coinage, and it is with difficulty, even in the limits of the republic, that a piece of the copper coin can be obtained. The postal convention with the kingdom of Italy was signed in 1865, since

which date the Italian postage-stamps have been in use in the republic. The crowning act of the Sammarinese which deserves chronicling is their refusal, in 1868, to allow the establishment of a casino and gambling-house in the territory. Although generous shares of the profits, a munificent cash bonus, a railway, the annual maintenance of two young men in the universities, and many other advantages, were offered, the honest republicans refused without hesitation all these liberal proposals, and gave this final memorable proof of their uprightness and firm principle.

The territory of the republic at the present day has a circuit of about thirty miles, and has a population of seven thousand six hundred. A council of sixty citizens, chosen for life, one third selected from the nobles, one-third from the landholders, and one-third from the peasants, has the supreme power. This council chooses every six months two consuls, or *capitani reggenti*, who are invested with the executive power. A council of twelve is also selected by the council-general to judge the criminal and civil cases of the third grade, and to assist in contracts. A body of nine is also selected to attend to the administration of the public expense. The judicial power is intrusted to two foreigners, one for the civil cases, the other for criminal suits. This office is changed every triennial. The military force consists of the body of gendarmes and the guard, numbering some eighty members, destined to be the escort of honor to the *capitani reggenti* on public occasions, and the militia. Besides this force, every citizen between the ages of eighteen and sixty years is enrolled and liable to serve in case of need. The treasury of the state is maintained by the profits of the sale of tobacco and salt—a government monopoly all over Italy—a slight tax on real estate, and a small duty upon bread and provisions. The revenues are about seven thousand dollars a year.

In the course of the long historical discussion, of which the facts above written are but the most concise generalizations, it dawned upon us gradually that the modest *fête* we were enjoying was entirely in honor of us two Americans, of the country we represented, and of the day we were celebrating. The dessert was brought on, and before we were half through with it the preoccupation of the landlord gave us reason to suspect that something was yet to come. He endeavored to conceal his anxiety, but we could see him glance at the door whenever there was a sound in the passage-way. Sure enough, as we rose to touch glasses to the prosperity of both republics, the great smoke-stained door opened, and a servant entered bearing a great, flat bouquet, and followed by two musicians, who tooted with all their might the "March of Garibaldi." The bouquet was deposited on the table with great solemnity, and we saw that it was the shield of the United States done in red and white pinks and bluebells, with the letters "July 4, 18—" in gilt paper. This was a courteous observance of our holiday which we had not counted upon, and the speeches that followed were laden with more gratitude than

good grammar. The *finale* was long, and the farewell at the end of the dinner lasted for a half-hour, and we departed. It might enter the head of one not acquainted with the Italian character to ask if we had scruples about calling for the bill. We certainly had none, and a good, fair account was presented and cheerfully paid, of course. Business is business.

On the way down the hills, after leaving Serravalle, the driver turned round in his seat and said:

"Have your excellencies, *signori repubblicani*, enjoyed the day?"

"Most assuredly," we shouted in stage-chorus.

"Then I hope *signori repubblicani* will give me a franc for *buona mano*." And he pocketed his franc.

At the station our *commissionnaire* awaited us, passed the conventional compliments, and then took the driver to one side. After an earnest discussion, we saw the driver pull out the franc we had just given him, and put it in the hand of the *commissionnaire*. The latter looked contented.

The driver turned around and deliberately winked at us. So we were all four satisfied—a rare state of affairs to chronicle in the diary of a traveler in Italy.

F. D. MILLET.

THE LATE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK.

THERE are but few persons who have resided in Paris for any length of time who do not remember the late Duke of Brunswick, that painted, bewigged Lothario, whose follies, eccentricities, and diamonds, made him the talk of all Europe. A small volume, recently published in Paris, gives some strange and new details about this royal oddity, who, the reverse of Jupiter, passed away from this earth, quitting his beloved Geneva in a shower of diamonds.

The duke was born in 1804. He was the first child born to his parents, the Prince Frederick William, son and heir to the reigning Duke of Brunswick, and the Princess Marie Wilhelmina of Baden, sister to the then Empress of Russia and to the Queen of Sweden. A sinister omen marked the rejoicings in honor of his birth. The first cannon-shot fired on that occasion carried off the head of an artillery-man. The duke's youth was a stormy and an adventurous one. His grandfather was killed at the battle of Jena, being blinded by a ball which put out both of his eyes, and he was borne from the field only to die a few days later of his wounds; and the ducal family were driven from their dominions. His father fell at the battle of Waterloo, and the young and throneless duke was consigned to the guardianship of his uncle by marriage, George IV. But the nephew of Queen Caroline was not likely to remain on good terms with that lady's royal husband, and they soon quarreled after the good old fashion of guardians and wards all the world over. The negotiations of Prince Metternich restored our hero to the throne of

his fathers when he was nineteen years old. Two years later he contracted, while in England, a morganatic union with a young English lady of great beauty, Lady Charlotte Colville. The only child of this union, the Countess de Ciny, was that daughter with whom he afterward had such a long and scandalous lawsuit. On the 7th of September, 1830, the revolution broke out, which drove the adventurous prince from his throne, and thereafter began the wandering, eccentric life which ended at Geneva a few years ago.

According to his French biographer, the duke had a great influence in conferring upon France the doubtful blessing of the late empire. One day, while Prince Louis Napoleon was a prisoner at Ham, there came to him a messenger, bringing with him a paper, which he presented to the prince for his signature. The prince signed it, and the man departed, leaving behind him as the price of that signature a package containing eight hundred thousand francs—the golden key which was to unlock for the captive his prison-doors. This man was M. Smith, chief treasurer to the Duke of Brunswick, and the paper was a treaty by which the two crownless exiles pledged themselves, the one to reestablish the duke upon his throne, and to form, if possible, a united Germany, and the other to aid Prince Louis to gain his uncle's crown. After the escape of Louis Napoleon, he had several long interviews with the duke in London, and then and there were their plans for future movements decided upon. But the future emperor only half kept his word. He *did* succeed, much against his will, in forming a united Germany, but he never reinstated the Duke of Brunswick in his paternal dominions.

After the *coup d'état* the duke installed himself permanently in Paris. He purchased, on the Rue Beaujon, near the Arc de Triomphe, the hotel which had formerly belonged to Lola Montez. There he caused to be erected the huge and curious structure which, with its rose-colored walls and profuse gilding, seemed the very realization of a palace in a fairy tale. Into this marvelous building but few persons were allowed to penetrate. To effect a surreptitious entrance was almost an impossibility. The walls surrounding the house were of immense height, and were covered by gilded spikes, with all of which an electric apparatus was so connected that if one of them were touched a chime of electric bells was instantly set in motion. To gain entrance, the would-be visitor must come provided with a pass-word, a letter of introduction, or some potent and unmistakable reason for being admitted. Once within the walls, he was introduced into an elevator lined with blue satin, which bore him gently to the antechamber of the duke's apartments. The bedroom of this eccentric gentleman was made entirely of iron—walls, ceiling, and floor, alike. It was, in fact, an immense iron cage, wherein the ex-sovereign, thanks to a dozen complicated pieces of machinery, could bid defiance to the thieves and assassins, the fear of which poisoned his existence. At one side of this apartment, and only to be opened with its

secret key, was a closet containing the gigantic strong-box, wherein was deposited his marvelous collection of diamonds. This strong-box, in itself a marvel of mechanism, was suspended by four chains in the cavity which it occupied, beneath which was a well dug deep beneath the foundations of the hotel, so that the duke had but to press a spring in order to cause his treasure-chest to disappear from view. Besides which, the closet was so constructed that, had any one unacquainted with the secret of the lock essayed to open it, he would have received the discharge of a number of concealed gun-barrels arranged like a mitrailleuse. In this coffer the duke kept not only his diamonds but his bank-notes, his papers, and his ingots of gold, many of which, to escape from prying eyes and fingers, he had caused to be disguised as cakes of chocolate. In that iron box was inclosed all that life held for him of interest or of love.

He was as much afraid of assassins as he was of thieves, and surrounded his life with as many precautions as he did his wealth. He never employed a cook, never partaking at home of any food, except a cup of chocolate, which he prepared himself by the help of a spirit-lamp. The milk for this chocolate was brought to him directly from the country, in a locked silver can, one key of which never left him, and the other was deposited with the farmer who supplied him, precautions which did not hinder him from insisting that his valet should always taste the first spoonful of the beverage when prepared. He always took his dinner at one of the great restaurants of the Boulevard, preferring usually the *Maison d'Or*. Once, when he was detained in the house by some slight indisposition, the Marquis de Planty, who was then his physician, scolded him for eating nothing but sweets when at home. But he could not persuade the duke to have a steak or a chop prepared for himself in his own house; he was forced to go out, to have the meal cooked himself, and to bring it to his royal patient, who exacted from him a solemn oath that he had never lost sight of the eatables for a moment. Reassured on this point, the duke made short work of his dinner, which he declared to have been the best he had ever eaten. He was, however, nothing of a *gourmand*, eating little, and never drinking wine, which had been forbidden to him in his youth by his physicians, his usual beverage being ordinary beer. He was extravagantly fond, however, of fruits, ices, preserves, and *bonbons*, of which he partook on all occasions without much regard to ceremony. Sometimes his magnificent carriage, with its four splendid horses, would be seen drawn up before the door of a fruiterer's shop, while the proprietor of the equipage, seated therein, was engaged in devouring piles of peaches or of grapes, which were brought to him from the shop. At other times, when taking ices at Tortoni's, he would pay largely for the privilege of going down into the kitchen and eating the ice-cream direct from the freezer. His great delight was to enter a confectioner's shop and to eat as long and as much as he liked from the various piles of *bonbons* and crystallized fruits, leaving behind him on

his departure two or three gold-pieces to pay for his depredations.

He passed nearly his whole time in the house. He remained in bed, where he read, wrote, and received his intimate friends, till about four o'clock in the afternoon, after which his toilet always took up an immense time, so that during a great part of the year he never saw the sun. The excessive care which he took of his person, and the artificial character of his make-up, are matters of public notoriety. He painted his face, or caused it to be painted, with all the minuteness and artistic finish that might be bestowed upon a water-color drawing. His beard, on the culture of which he bestowed much time, was combed, perfumed, and dyed daily. As to his wigs, he possessed them by dozens; and in respect to these wigs and his manner of using them an amusing story is told. A celebrated dame of the *demi-monde*, being presented to the duke at the opera one evening, expressed to him an ardent desire to inspect the wonders of the fairy palace of which she had heard so much. The duke gallantly promised that she should have that pleasure that very evening after the opera. Accordingly, when the performance was over, he escorted her to his hotel, took her upstairs by means of the satin-lined elevator, and introduced her into a dimly-lighted room, where he left her under the pretext of ordering more lamps. The lady waited for some minutes for his return, and, finally, becoming impatient, she began to look about her, to discover where she was. To her amazement, she saw in one corner of the room a head which stared at her with motionless and glassy eyes. She rushed in terror to the door, but found that it was fastened on the outside. A second glance around the dimly-lighted apartment revealed the fact that she was surrounded by heads, not five, or ten, or twenty, but thirty, all of which bore a ghastly likeness to the duke himself. Her piercing shrieks at last brought to her assistance a lackey, who opened the door and released her. She asked where the duke was—he had quitted the house. The adventurous dame was only too glad to find herself outside of such a Bluebeard mansion; so she called a carriage, and returned home as fast as possible, cured of all her curiosity in regard to the Duke of Brunswick's palace. This mysterious apartment was simply the room where the duke kept his wigs, and the heads were wax models of his own countenance, each differing slightly in coloring or in the arrangement of the hair. Each day the duke made choice of the particular wig and style of visage which he wished to assume, and his valet was charged with the task of reproducing the colors of the wax model upon his features.

His dress was always extremely elegant, though sometimes very eccentric. He delighted in embroidered dressing-gowns and in magnificent uniforms. Among his servants was numbered for years a magnificent negro, black as jet, and of colossal stature, who, attired in a Mameluke costume of the very richest materials, covered with embroideries and blazing with diamonds, was always on guard in the antechamber of the duke's pal-

ace, or else waited for him in the vestibule of any house in which he went as a guest. Some one once asked this magnificent attendant concerning the duties of his post.

"I'm for looks, and not for use," he made answer, showing his snowy teeth.

One night at a ball given by Prince Jerome Bonaparte, the duke's carriage was delayed for a few moments. The negro came forward to announce its arrival, and immediately he was surrounded by a number of the guests, who were curious to see this splendid specimen of servitude, whereupon the duke in his impatience cried out: "Selim, clear the way there! Draw your sabre, and cut me down some half a dozen of these impertinent creatures!"

Imagine the effect of this outburst in the midst of a crowd composed of the most elegant ladies and the highest dignitaries of the new empire!

If there was any thing on earth that the duke loved better than diamonds, it was a lawsuit. He would go to law about the merest trifle or the most insignificant sum. Once he sued a washer-woman about a bill of seven francs. A single watch, which he sent to a jeweler to be repaired, and of which the back was formed of a single ruby, was in itself the subject of twelve lawsuits. The erection of his hotel on the Rue Beaunjon furnished occasion for ten more! He said himself, just before he died, that he had squandered millions in that way, and that justice was a lottery.

As to his diamonds, he consecrated fabulous sums to the formation of his collection, which speedily became celebrated throughout Europe. Among the most remarkable of the trinkets which he possessed was a pair of epaulets, formed, not of gold-thread, but of magnificent yellow diamonds from Brazil. They were valued at two hundred thousand dollars each, and were exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1855, watched day and night by four policemen, who took turns in mounting guard over the crystal case which contained this treasure. These epaulets gave rise one evening to a curious and comical scene. It was at a ball given by the Count de Nieuwerkerke. The duke, in the uniform of a Brunswickian general, was blazing with diamonds, and had on the famous epaulets. A lady, passing by, remarked to the person who accompanied her:

"Only look at those epaulets, made of topazes!"

"Topazes, madame!" cried the duke, indignant at the insult offered to his jewels; "they are diamonds—the finest yellow diamonds of Brazil. Look well at them, if you never saw any before."

Thus adjured, the lady, nothing loath, examined minutely the dazzling epaulets; then she passed to the orders that the duke wore, and so prolonged her inspection that she attracted a number of other lady spectators, and the duke was soon surrounded by a crowd of ladies, all admiring his gorgeous gems, and causing him to resemble very much a Palais Royal window with its throng of gazers. Finally, his patience became exhausted, and he cried, suiting his gestures to his words:

"Ah, ladies, if you are so fond of diamonds, I can show you still finer ones—I use them for buttons to my under-garments. Wait a moment—"

But the ladies fled.

He never forgot nor forgave the broken promise of Napoleon III. to reinstate him on his paternal throne. One day, being present at some scientific experiments, shown before that sovereign, on reducing diamonds to vapor, the emperor offered, laughing, to sacrifice all his diamonds to the cause of science if the duke would do as much.

"Ah, sire," made answer the duke, with a meaning glance, "I am only a poor exile, and am forced to be economical. Were I ever to have the happiness of mounting a throne as your majesty has done, I would promise to be more generous—and I keep my promises."

His daughter's conversion to Catholicism seemed to arouse in his breast a terrible enmity against her. Up to that time he had treated her as became his acknowledged child, but afterward whatever heart he possessed seemed closed against her. When she married the Count de Cirrey, though he gave his consent to the alliance, he was only represented at the ceremony by one of his chamberlains. Prayers, entreaties, and, finally, long years of litigation, were exhausted in the effort to make him provide for her and for her children, but in vain. An adverse decision of the French tribunal in this question drove him from his fairy palace on the Rue Beaujon to Geneva. No particle of his immense wealth was bequeathed to the countess. He at first intended to leave his whole fortune to the prince imperial, and a will to that effect was actually drawn up. When the war with Prussia was declared, the duke, then once more installed in Paris, hastened to remind Louis Napoleon of the old compact between them, and claimed from him in advance, as the conqueror of Germany, the fulfillment of his ancient promise. But a few weeks later the duke was forced to fly with his diamonds from before the advancing legions of the Prussians. He took refuge anew in Geneva, and there, in March, 1871, he drew up the new will, which constituted the city of Geneva his sole heir. It is said that he came to this singular decision upon observing in what admirable condition the ancient tombs in the Protestant church of St. Peter, in that city, were preserved. Pausing before the mausoleum erected to the memory of the Duke de Rohan two hundred years before, he remarked: "The Swiss respect the sanctity of the grave. It is not here as it is in France, where the mob fling the ashes of princes into the Seine." Be this as it may, his will contained full directions for a magnificent tomb to be erected above his remains.

The last two years of his life were passed in Geneva, partly at the Hôtel Métropole and partly at the Hôtel Beau-Rivage. An occasional drive or visit to the theatre was his only distraction outside of his apartments. For six months before his death, oppressed by increasing corpulence, he refused to quit the house, notwithstanding the exhortations of his physician. He looked after his affairs,

as usual, with minutest care. Chess and his diamonds formed the great recreations of his life. On the 18th of August, 1873, he was engaged in a game of chess quite late in the afternoon; suddenly he arose, and saying to his adversary, "Do not cheat me" (*ne me volez pas*), he passed into the next room. These were his last words. When his attendants, surprised that he did not return, went to seek him, they found him in the agonies of death, and in a few moments he expired. Thus ended that strange, heartless, eccentric, useless life, whose commencement had been surrounded with such a halo of romance and chivalry.

It was this sudden death that preserved to the city of Geneva the inheritance of the eccentric old voluptuary, who had scandalized its Calvinistic walls by his manners and his mistresses for three years past. Having carelessly thrown some water from a tumbler out of a window, it had drenched a passer-by, who forthwith threatened the duke with legal proceedings. Furious at the threat, he resolved to tear up his will, to return to Paris, and to turn his back on ungrateful Geneva forever. He would restore his rosy Parisian palace, which had been sadly damaged during the Commune; he would go back to the delights of his Parisian life. His lawyer and his steward had been sent for, and preparations for his departure had already been begun. But, before he could make ready, he was summoned to depart on a longer journey, and one which knows no return. His undestroyed will bequeathed his treasures to the city wherein he breathed his last, and Charles, Duke of Brunswick, degenerate descendant of the heroes of Jena and of Waterloo, took his place amid the faded figures of a forgotten past.

MR. BOOTH'S HAMLET.

EACH of us has his ideal of *Hamlet*, but probably no ideal differs from other conceptions in any essential circumstance. We all think of the young prince as a man of fine sensitive organization, as one prone to philosophical contemplation and with a disposition to melancholy, as a spirit upon which is imposed a task too formidable for its brooding casuistry and its cautious introspection. We may differ as to the question of *Hamlet's* sanity, but this is mainly because the word awakens different ideas in different minds; and we may have varying interpretations of certain passages; but before us all looms up a distinct image in which we discern filial piety, warm feeling, impressive imagination, high dreaming, and a lordly disposition. *Hamlet* has his hundred shadings, his almost infinite aspects of thought and feeling, but the central ideal is always the same—a being exquisitely attuned by Nature, struck into discord by unhappy and jarring conditions.

In studying Mr. Booth's impersonation of the Danish prince we need not enter into all the speculations of the critics and the commentators. It is sufficient to ask whether it is a true picture in the leading and essential features of the character—whether it is the

portraiture of a man overcome with grief and distracted by a conflict of emotion and duty, and whether it is a delineation that exhibits a knowledge of the resources of the actor's art. In order to adequately answer these questions we must take up the impersonation point by point.

We all know the picture presented by Mr. Booth in this part. His light and graceful figure, his pale face bordered with dark and clinging hair, his features well chiseled and mobile with expression, his large and handsome eyes—all these personal attractions are commonly known and recognized as fitting him peculiarly for the character of *Hamlet*. But this pleasing image is prone, we think, to charm away the judgment of many people who forget that a work of art must be judged by its mental features, and not by its accidents.

A characteristic of Mr. Booth is that he never seems to be satisfied with his conceptions. His performances are marked by ceaseless change. Of course, this disposition gives opportunity for improvement and development, but unfortunately it is with this actor more frequently manifested in mere details of "business" than in expression of idea. He restlessly changes his entrances, his exits, his poses, his situations, his effects, but these transpositions rarely bring him any nearer a just knowledge of the essential spirit of the part. We fear that he does not change his ideal, because he has no adequate ideal to change. The character is mainly what he can make it by stage situations. His eye is forever on the audience. To do things that will gratify the superficial observation of his auditors is always his aim; but, in these efforts to make a captivating picture to the eye or a telling point for the ear, the real *Hamlet* does not often reveal itself. We will endeavor to make this assertion good.

One of the innovations by Mr. Booth in his recent reappearance in this part is to enter upon the stage in his first scene at a somewhat later moment than has been usual. Ordinarily either *Hamlet* and the court are discovered as the scene opens, or the king and queen, followed by their courtiers, enter upon the stage—*Hamlet* lingering, melancholy and dejected, upon the outskirts of the court party. But Mr. Booth now chooses to stalk rapidly and in a pronounced manner upon the stage just as the cue for his first speech is to be given. The studious and observant spectator is at once a little dashed. Where is the wistful, brooding, melancholy *Hamlet*, whose "veiled lids" seek "for his noble father in the dust?" Why does he tell the queen that

"Nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,"

denotes him truly, when neither fruitful river of the eye nor dejected visage denotes him at all? And, just as there is no melancholy in the manner, there is little sadness in the tones. There are *Hamlets* who exaggerate the melancholy of the unhappy prince in this scene, but Mr. Booth almost wears his grief with a jaunty air. We think of the profound sorrow which "passeth show," and wonder by what signs Mr. Booth imagines that he

portrays it. Absolutely, instead of the "melancholy," the "tender," the weak and musing *Hamlet*, one sees clearly enough that this emphatic, straightforward gentleman would make quick work with whoever opposed him.

Do those who discover so much excellence in Mr. Booth's personation know how the soliloquy that follows this scene ought to be delivered? Should it be a piece of school-boy declamation, or the outpouring of one weighted with grief, and filled with indignation at an outrage upon his father's memory? A soliloquy is the musing of the heart. It is spoken aloud as a dramatic necessity, not as a natural fact. The auditor hears it, but the actor should be unconscious of this, and utter only as he feels—sometimes musingly, sometimes hesitatingly, sometimes as if he brooded over the thought, sometimes with a rush and explosion of feeling. Now, it seems to us that neither in conception of how a soliloquy should be read, nor of what profound agitation is stirring *Hamlet's* heart, nor of the shades of meaning expressed in the language, does Mr. Booth show a master's skill in this speech. From the opening line—

"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!"

to the close, there seems to us little more than the hurried movement of a not very well-trained elocutionist. Of course, there are some good points, and the sympathetic auditors applaud. But there is little thought or true feeling. The language is not shaped and chiseled into sharply-defined meaning as if by a master, and the sentiment suffers in proportion. It is simply impossible to explain or describe how at times Mr. Booth gallops over his sentences in a wholesale disregard of those shades of meaning and niceties of expression that make up the charm of good reading. He is very deficient in pause, which, rightly used, adds effect and impressiveness to the thought. He has the habit of throwing his emphasis upon insignificant words in one line, and running over the next in a level monotone that empties it of all its character. Why should he say—

"How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world?"

What has of to do with the expression of the idea in this line? Why should he say—

"... with which she followed my poor father's body,"

when no other father's body could possibly be under consideration? But Mr. Booth has an amazing fondness for pronouns, and rarely fails to throw his emphasis upon them. He, without an altogether false, but by an imperfect reading, misleads his auditors in the line—

"It is not, nor it cannot come to good,"

who, by the accentuation of "come," are perplexed to know why it should be a question of *come* or go. What is needed here is, with contrasted inflections, a full antithetical emphasis on "is"—meaning "It is not good, and it cannot come to good."

We give these few instances of the tendency on the part of this actor to lose possession of his author's meaning, but in many cases this arises not so much because of

false emphasis as of gliding over sentences without those inflections and accentuations, that exquisite management of light and shade, by which the meaning is, as it were, illuminated.

The scene with *Horatio*, *Marcellus*, and *Bernardo*, that follows this soliloquy, is very good. Mr. Booth is always better in dialogue than in soliloquy. Clear, direct, definite, profound thinking is not his forte; but the arts of the stage serve him very well indeed in all scenes where there is action and interplay. He reads that sort of test-line—

"My father—methinks I see my father"—

excellently well—it is rarely, if ever, done better; and thoroughly good is that which follows—"In my mind's eye, *Horatio*"—a sentence so often given with a wholly inadequate accent. He turns toward *Horatio* at his excited question—"Where, my lord?"—and, with a surprised but yet explanatory inflection, says that the vision he sees is wholly of mental creation—doing this with a fine emphasis and expression. The response of "Saw who?" to *Horatio's* "I think I saw him yesternight," is wrong. Some actors make an ado here—this also is wrong. *Hamlet* has no conception of *Horatio's* meaning, but he does see that something is meant. Mr. Booth's off-hand, indifferent "Saw who?" is an affectation of realism and is not supported by the context. *Horatio's* remark, if understood rightly, conveys a startling assertion; that he could not understand him rightly was *Hamlet's* prompt surmise, and hence the wondering, perplexed response, "Saw!" That is—"What is it you say?" "Who?" That is—"It cannot be that I heard aright; whom do you mean?"

We dwell here upon these few minor circumstances because they have their significance. We repeat that altogether this interview is well done, exhibiting as a whole an excellent command over the resources of dramatic art.

In the ghost-scene recur similar merits and defects. The wonder is that Mr. Booth cannot "prosperously deliver himself" of a number of successive lines. One may often quarrel with his utterance of single lines, but yet throughout the play his great force lies in these. In the soliloquy the language is commonly turned on as by a faucet. There is, of course, a partial grasp and expression, but never complete mastery—rarely an utterance that shows subjective insight, or that sort of art that subordinates the declamation to the thought.

In his speech at the sight of the ghost there is, it is true, passionate earnestness, yet it is too manufactured and external, as it were—too little as if his heart were bent upon wringing from the spirit before him a response. "Oh, answer me!" in his hands is rather declamation than a cry of appeal. There is, however, effective "business" in the scene, and if the ear craves a better rendition of the lines, the eye is filled with a striking dramatic picture.

The ghost is heard; the ghost departs; and now comes a significant scene—that is, as Shakespeare wrote it, but scarcely as the actors act it. Mr. Booth at one time re-

stored some part of the dialogue excised here in the usual stage versions, but has now returned to the emasculated edition, which casts out just that portion that is of psychological value in the rendition of the scene.

Intense feeling is prone to react toward hysteric mirth. There are agonies that are beyond expression—the heart oppressed to suffocation by the weight of feeling, and the brain crazed by a tumult of thought, find their best vent in some violent and feverish opposite. The words addressed by *Hamlet* to the unseen ghost when calling upon *Horatio* and *Marcellus* to swear to secrecy, are to be explained by this theory. The ribald looseness of

"Art thou there, truepenny?"

Come on—you hear this fellow in the cellarage—"

and

"Well said, old mole! canst work i' the ground so fast?"

shocks only those who do not see in these outbreaks signs, not of irreverence, but of an intense reaction against overwhelming horrors. No actor seems to have understood the significance of these passages, and hence they have usually been omitted on the stage. Even when Mr. Booth in former times spoke them he did not seem to feel all that they mean. To our mind the "wild and whirling words" throughout this scene are not assumed, have no deliberate purpose, are not meant by *Hamlet* to confound or confuse his listeners, but are simply the incoherent utterances of a man whose emotions are too profound to be trusted to customary forms of expression.

And here begins that fever of the brain which hangs about the man ever afterward, which some have pronounced insanity and others the assumption solely of an "antic disposition." This fever, this hysteric wildness, this intense feeling that can only find expression by abnormal methods, and in words wholly foreign to the subject, this phase of emotion has never, we are right in saying if we may judge from the records, been expressed on the stage. The psychological *Hamlet* is yet to arise. And this *Hamlet*, when he comes, will master the character not by analysis but by synthesis. No man can get at this wonderful creation by logical processes. He must know what *Hamlet* is by being *Hamlet*, by subjectively feeling and knowing all his wayward impulses, his imaginative fancies, his philosophical brooding. He may not philosophically know that, not what is called consistency, but what is called inconsistency, is the rule of Nature and human character; but he must instinctively act upon this principle, and interpret by that great inward light whose authority is paramount.

It must be conceded that Mr. Booth acts the interplay with *Horatio*, *Marcellus*, and the ghost, very well indeed, as the stage *Hamlets* go. We do not know that we have seen it better done. There are good pictures, effective touches, and a satisfaction to the eye, if not a complete one for the mind. We are glad to see that he does not adopt the stage-version of the scene which distinguishes between *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, delivering the lines—

"For your desire to know what is between us, O'ermaster it as you may"—

to *Marcellus*, as if it were a matter between himself and *Horatio* that should not be pried into by the other. This wholly unsupported notion is not sustained by Mr. Booth, as it ought not to be sustained by one capable of interpreting a plain matter rightly.

We come now to the second act. Throughout the scenes therein we fail to discern in Mr. Booth the *Hamlet* weighted with a profound mystery, distracted by a whirl of doubts and apprehensions, who finds relief from the burden of his heart by wild and feverish utterances. Few *Hamlets* ever get an "antic disposition" on at all, but Mr. Booth's erratic demeanor is one of mirth simply and purely. He is light-hearted, not wild-brained. He is jovial with *Rosencrantz*, *Guildestern*, and *Polonius*, not fitful with a strange fever. He gives little sign of the weight he carries in his bosom, except at the moments when the text requires him to fall into the mood. There is no show of repressed grief; no unwarlike sighs escape from him; his comedy is not a mask; he is not *Hamlet*, but a very good comedy gentleman playing pranks upon his friends. We must say that he plays these pranks in a good stage-fashion. He knows how to titillate with bits of effect. His comment, "My uncle is King of Denmark; and those that would make moves at him while my father lived give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a piece for his picture in little," is prompted by seeing miniatures of the king worn by *Rosencrantz* and *Guildestern*; and this is a good trifle. His notion of addressing as an aside to *Rosencrantz*, "I am but mad north-north-west," is done for the sake of making a good stage-picture, but is not justified by the text, and is wholly wrong. All through this scene we detect the actor who has a thorough command of the stage, but not one who has thorough command of the ideal he is attempting to portray—whose *Hamlet* here is light and childish rather than profound, which rarely seems to be really burdened, shadowed with a great mystery, and seeking to hide the wound in the breast by forced and fantastic mirth.

Really absurd, for which we must hold Mr. Booth accountable, is the idea of *Polonius* addressing to the player, after the "passionate speech," the words, "Look, whether he has not turned his color, and has tears in his eyes!—Pray you, no more," instead of to *Hamlet*, to whom it was obviously made. What possible concern could *Polonius* feel in the fact that the player was effectively simulating the passion of the speech that he was delivering? It is because the prince is so visibly affected by the passion of the player that the garrulous but ever-watchful old man would check it. This view is fully sustained by *Hamlet's* passionate outburst that occurs a few moments later, in which we see how intensely the player's speech had stirred his soul to its depths.

It would really seem as if the significance and matter of this tremulous soliloquy were patent on its face. *Hamlet* is overcome by the simulated passion of the player, and is eager to escape to himself. He hastily but not uncourteously dismisses *Rosencrantz*,

Guildestern, and *Polonius*; he retains the player for a moment to ask a question or two and then dismisses him—and these questions arise from feelings stirred by the address—bids the player follow the rest, and then exclaiming, "Now I am alone," gives the pent-up passions of his heart relief in a torrent of words.

We must pronounce Mr. Booth's utterance of this speech the most signal failure of his personation. He approaches it lightly, with no foreshowing, with no indication of the tumult surging in his heart. He shakes his finger at *Rosencrantz* and *Guildestern*; he is jocose even with the player; he idles; he is amused; he shows here, indeed, as he does on some other occasions, a want of dignity as well as a lack of feeling; and, when at last he speaks, he exhibits very little of the wild passion that the lines so powerfully express.

Look at the language. Recall the scene. Remember what has occurred to work up *Hamlet's* emotions, and hear him exclaim:

"Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I:
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so as to his own conceit,"

and so on in like vein:

"... What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have?"

Then he fiercely upbraids himself, bitterly asks if he is a coward; then, with wild vehemence, bursts into a tremendous denunciation of his uncle:

"... Bloody, bawdy, villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless, villain!

A moment later he partially recovers his self-possession, and denounces himself for "unpacking his heart with words," and "falling a cursing like a very drab."

Unpacking his heart with words! This is the clew to the passionate outbreak. It is the one occasion during the whole play that the overwrought heart finds this vent. Better for *Hamlet* had it been oftener. The heart that forever sits brooding over a wrong is sure to go distraught. But Mr. Booth does not unpack his heart. He does not show us one freighted with feeling that needs must deliver itself through the vehemence of words. This speech can scarcely be uttered with an excess of frenzy. The man's whole volume of grief here rushes into expression. There is no reserve. There is no moderation. There is a tumult that in the actor's hands should be limited only by those laws of art by which effect is not destroyed by extravagance. It is something, indeed, that if rightly done would tax the full measure of an actor's power and of his art, and yet no art could compass it. It is here that genius must reveal itself if the requisite reach of feeling and overpowering passion is to be attained at all.

We have now reached the third act, when arises the perplexed question of *Hamlet's* sanity. But we have already occupied as much space as can be spared in one number of the *JOURNAL* for this subject, and must hence postpone the rest of our remarks until next week.

A TRIP IN CLOUD-LAND.

ABOVE and around us is a vast realm, governed by good old King Nobody, and guarded only by his faithful servant, Sir Attraction-Gravitation—an aged but valiant and still most potent warrior. And, although the birds are always made welcome guests by this unseen monarch, man's overtures have ever been met with suspicion and resisted. So that, since hostilities have been declared, there have been numerous incursions thitherward by the sons of men. Unequal as these conquests were, the champion and defender of the king and his domains, doughty Sir Attraction—fighting single-handed as he did against organized bands and great odds—came off the victor in so many of the early encounters that (being a pretty good-natured fellow) he was made generous by his success; and, seeing by the persistence and ingenuity of the incursionists that they were exceeding anxious to enjoy the territory, the king and he felt complimented rather than otherwise. The crown-jewels—among them being the famous sunstone and moonstone, both gems of extraordinary brilliancy and purity—were set firmly in the vast dome of the king's palace, far above the reach of any mortal; and having no other belongings of which they were afraid of being robbed, it was mutually agreeable to permit the lordlings of the earth to roam at will in the lower departments of the realm. But to pass beyond the lines fixed by the king was certain death, for Sir Attraction stationed his watchdog Rare Atmosphere to keep an eye on the boundaries, and when some lawless fellows have dared to trespass they have been pounced upon and slain by this beast, and then have been thrown back among their fellows, terrible examples of the fate awaiting all trespassers.

A trip in a balloon! Why, the mere thought of it, even to one who has never been "up," brings a flood of pleasing and ennobling sensations. For who has not envied the eagle his power to skim the tree-tops, to hover above Niagara, to circle mountain-peaks, to poise himself aloft and survey creation, or to mount straight upward and gaze at the sun?

So, considering all these points, the delights of a balloon-voyage appear so various and so complicated in their nature that I hardly know where to begin in the enumeration of them. The best general summary of these delights that I am capable of is this: a sense of triumph, a sense of calm satisfaction with one's self which is far removed from conceit, and a sense of the very best of good-will toward all created things—in short, all that goes to make up what the philosophers call perfect pleasure.

Probably the finest balloon-voyage for pleasure ever made was that when a party of five journalists, representing the principal morning papers of the metropolis, rose from Madison Square, New York, one calm summer afternoon, in the stanch air-ship Barnum; captain, Washington H. Donaldson. It was the writer's good fortune to be a member of the party. The course the winds willed we

should take lay over what is acknowledged to be the finest scenery in America, being along the Hudson as far as Fishkill; thence back into the country, striking the river again at Hudson; thence across the Catskills near the Mountain-House, and so on up to Saratoga, where the final landing was made. We were in the air twenty-six hours—a plump night and day.

Never can I forget that summer night. Sailing out over the Hudson a few miles below West Point, we remained above its waters at a height of perhaps two hundred feet more than an hour, slowly coursing to the north. The mellow rays of a full moon lighted up our pathway. Beneath us a boat bearing an excursion-party was breasting the current. It looked to be a fairy craft. The sound of merry voices and laughter, toned down by the distance to a sweet, gentle murmur, was wafted up to us. Every few minutes a string-band aboard the boat rasped out a tune, which to our ears was divinest harmony; for to us then the hoarse din of a battle, or the dull repetitious clang of a boiler-shop, would have had all the charms of a melody. One minute our car would be rubbing against the wens on Anthony's Nose, and the next we would be sailing placidly over the mid-current. Here it was that I felt perfect peace and joy; and with these feelings was curiously combined a sort of intoxication, which, unlike other intoxications, was followed by no painful penalty, except perhaps of sorrow that it had gone.

Strange what a brotherhood sprang up between us! We were total strangers to one another an hour before the starting. We were rough fellows, too, such as the varied life of a reporter on the daily press tends to make men. Yet we were brothers in heart and soul ten minutes after the balloon's leashes were cast off. F—took a perilous perch on the edge of the basket. McK—no sooner saw it than, in tones soft as a woman's and earnest with heartfelt solicitude, he begged this friend of an hour to descend to a safer level.

Such a wonderful sunrise as that which burst on us on the morning of the 25th is seldom seen. The balloon had been sailing low in a valley, to the east of a steep hill, whose top towered several hundred feet above us. A little village beneath us, which snuggled cozily in an angle formed by the meeting of two small streams, was dim under the mists of early morning and the shadows of the hills. There were no signs of the approach of day in the sky. It was desirable to rise over the high hill to the east, and ballast was thrown out for the purpose. The balloon shot up like an arrow. The instant we passed the level of the summit, we saw the sun peeping up at us over the shoulder of a distant mountain. It was full and round, and came in sight within the fraction of a second. The phenomenon of sunrise was reversed; we rose on the sun. But this was not a glorious sun that we saw, fresh and rosy as a summer's sun should be. He was heavy and dull—as it were, bleary-eyed—and blurred as if he had spent most of the night in enervating revelry, and had only just been roused from a brief doze un-

der somebody's table, and wanted to drop down again and have the nap out. That he was in a very bad humor about something seemed certain. But none of this proved to be his fault. The enemies that put him in this sorry plight, and came so near destroying our good opinion of him as an industrious, sober fellow, were clouds of vapor that rose from the intervening Hudson and floated in dense masses in front of him. He was not slow to recognize his peril; and, fighting as a wronged man always fights, and using his ardor with great advantage (a thing which few people have the knack of doing), he soon so completely routed his foes that after half an hour no trace of them could be discovered.

And when a few hours thereafter we soared two miles above the Catskills, what a grand sense of freedom came over us and wrapped us as in fine robes and ermine! We were absolute lords of the domain; if not, pray who were? Beyond the reach of all law (not to say that law is a thing for the riddance from which God is to be thanked), we triumphed in knowing that neither man nor any of man's inventions could avail against us. Indeed, there could be no more perfect freedom than was ours, albeit we were confined within the narrow limits of a basket eight feet by three and a half.

Toward nightfall there were thrilling experiences that made the blood leap. A high wind sprang up, and carried the balloon along at prodigious speed. We could not distinguish objects on the earth. The long drag-rope was out, and the end of it became fast around a limb of a tree. The balloon was brought up with a shock that nearly overturned the basket, and it took all our strength to keep from falling. The rope groaned under the strain. The gas-bag was like a huge leviathan in a net. It writhed, twisted, pushed this way and that, gathered into a ball, and sprang fiercely out. The loose cloth around the mouth would suck up, till half the netting hung empty, and then fold after fold would dart out and back with all the angry menace of a serpent's tongue. The rope kept on groaning and grinding against the edge of the basket. There were doubts if the basket would long stand the strain; but it was made of tough willow and bamboo, cunningly interwoven, and gave no signs of breaking.

The struggle was short. The branch that held the rope snapped, and we were free. And how, as a thing of life, the balloon seemed to rejoice in her recovered freedom! First, there was a quick leap forward, that threw us off our feet, and cast the great drag-rope (three hundred feet long) about like a whip-lash. Then came a succession of steady jumps and a pleasant, oscillating motion, until we steadied down to the velocity of the wind.

I enjoyed all this profoundly. Does the reader doubt the truthfulness of this assertion? This is perhaps but natural, yet I solemnly declare that I was not afraid, and gathered pleasure from the scene. Just as a sympathetic man may become so interested in a deadly battle between voracious beasts that, forgetting self, he draws nigher and nigher, until he is himself in danger, so I was

entranced by that contest up there in the clouds.

I find I am unable to do more than glance at the subject. A score of delights remain unmentioned, chief among which, after some other sensations similar to those already described, is the curious appearance which the landscape assumes. The forests, cut into at one point and another by the axe of the woodman, presented to us from our shifting perch in the air all sorts of grotesque figures: in one place we saw a pair of eye-glasses, the glasses represented by two dabs of woodland, and the connecting bridge by a creek running from one to the other; in another, a gigantic boot, shaped by cuttings on a forest, with every curve as true as if it had been fashioned by one of the "anatomical" boot-makers of the period. When seen from a vast height, the earth appeared to be dressed in a robe of dark green, shaded to a deeper hue here and there by cloudlets floating beneath the sun, and garnished all over with bright penciling, sometimes silvery and sometimes golden, of the innumerable rivers and creeks. And as there are said to be no distinctions of class in heaven, so we could discern no difference between the dashing streamlet that has its source in the mountains, with its clean, pebbly bottom and pure waters, and its laggard neighbor, dragging its noisome length between environments of sticky ooze, that hails from the swamps.

There was at no time any feeling of unsteadiness or uncertainty of foothold, like that which comes over one when tossing on the sea in a ship or boat. The basket was as firm as a parlor-floor; and indeed, when running with the wind at a speed of seventy miles an hour, not the slightest motion was perceptible, except when we looked down at the spinning earth.

What a pity these silent, trackless depths are not the highway of passenger traffic, instead of the roaring, screeching, grimy railway-train, and the boisterous, broiling seas!

EDGAR BRONSON.

THE LAST DAYS OF AUTUMN.

THERE'S a chill in the air, a drab in the day,
A sky that is bare, a wood that is gray.

There's a stain on the rock, a crisp in the brake,
A crag for the hawk, a den for the snake;

There is white on the hair, the marmot's abed,
Asleep is the bear, the lizard is dead;

There's a howl on the hill, a moan on the plain,
A film on the rill, a flake on the rain;

There is wealth in the moon, pure gold in the star,
A darkness too soon, a glory too far;

There is death in the day, a treacherous sun,
A season grown gray—an autumn undone!

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

TERESINA has been among us taking notes. Teresina is the latest version of Madam Trollope, and in all particulars equals her great exemplar in mendacity. Has the reader forgotten the circumstances that brought Teresina into light—the famous marriage-suit and all the scandals that came to the surface? Perhaps the name of Theresa Yelverton (now Viscountess Avonmore) has passed out of his mind; and we must confess it nearly had out of ours. We could not recall all the facts pertaining to this once much-discussed case if we cared to do so. All that at present concerns us is that this notorious woman has been in America, has visited the North, the East, the South, the Far West—traveling, so she declares, twenty thousand miles through the most important districts of the country—and has written a book about us, which she entitles “Teresina in America.” There is not much importance in this fact; books about America are only too abundant; nor have Lady Avonmore’s comments and criticisms the slightest value. But they are often very amusing, and for this reason solely we invite the reader to turn with us over a few of the pages of the volume.

Teresina begins with a doleful description of New York and the woful prostration of all New-Yorkers before that Western Juggernaut called Mammon. “What is the frenzy,” asks this voracious chronicler, “of the most enthusiastic fanatics to the fever which can whirl thousands upon thousands of men and women day after day through years of anxious toil” (“anxious toil” being unknown elsewhere), “which can make work seem pleasure” (wherefore not?); “degradation honor; and ruin, both of mind and body, success?—which can thus fix, on a whole city of a million inhabitants, a stamp so indelible and a character so distinct that the cry, ‘worshippers of money!’ rises instinctively to the lips of every intelligent stranger?”

Teresina finds every thing about us a magnificent sham. Our buildings of splendid seeming are only veneered to the depth of a few inches, and, if an earthquake should strike us, would come tumbling down like a tower of cards; and the silks and velvets that we see dragged with such indifference through the streets are worn by those who will be penniless in a few years.

Superficiality is declared to be the worst system of American life, morally and socially. We in New York are so passionately devoted to “brown-stone fronts” that we would make any sacrifice to live in one, and no lady is considered to have made a good matrimonial alliance unless a brown-stone front is thrown

into the bargain. But within our brown-stone fronts every article is painted and varnished to look like what it is not. That which looks like massive oak carving is only deal; “enormous mirrors reflect one foreshortened in a most singular way;” all is false, veneered, and fantastic shams. Our ladies who go to Europe do so for the sake of seeing the fashions and to bring home something other people have not. We ceaselessly exult over the lavish expenditure of money. “You will find my wife a smart woman,” said a husband, glorifying himself and his better-half; “quite an elegant lady. These sixteen boxes are her equipage. She spent in Europe thirty thousand dollars in dress!”

All our wealthy people, it appears, congregate in cities, and very rarely does an American possess a country-seat. Barnum, the great showman, however, is an exception, he having built himself a country-house, where he retires to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*. Other Americans do not build country-houses, and never enjoy their ease under their own fig-tree. Americans think a great deal more about themselves than about their children, and their motto is, “Sufficient unto the day is the good thereof.” They build railroads so poorly that they barely suffice to carry the train along, and it is not an unfrequent thing for passengers to be compelled to turn out in a body to repair the line before they can proceed.

Our manners are always peculiar, and generally very bad, Teresina goes on to say. We have no means of putting down bad breeding. If a woman wears a good dress at an hotel-table, she is the equal of everybody present; she may eat with her knife, and stretch it afterward into the butter at arm’s length without attracting any sort of notice. Refinement and good-breeding are with us the exception, and not the rule. We are very neglectful of obvious social duties. We do not carry letters of introduction when we go abroad, and pay no attention to them when presented to us. “In America you may have fifty letters of introduction, and not one of them bring you a particle of civility, or sometimes even a returning call.” Teresina forgot to inquire whether certain scandals and singular facts connected with her history did not have something to do with the unwillingness to respond to her letters of introduction.

It seems, according to this excellent observer, that we never visit at a friend’s house for a week or month or so. It is rare to find guests staying at any house; “if you do, be sure they are paying for their board. Even when the guest is a member of the family, and makes no actual payment, a good deal of barter has to be practised to make

things pleasant.” Unsociable people in every particular, we have no Christmas gatherings nor summer junketings. Our meanness is so intense that if a gentleman takes ladies for a day’s outing he will probably ask them to defray expenses some time later, without the slightest idea that he has committed a breach of etiquette and hospitality. In common with many others, we had always supposed that Americans had a foolish tendency to *treat*, and an absurd disposition “to do the handsome thing” in regard to paying for affairs of the kind; but of course we were wrong. Teresina has seen, and instructs us better.

All festive entertainment is absent, it seems, from our social gatherings; there may be singing, music, and card-playing, but no refreshments. The guests may expend as much time and energy as they like in amusing themselves and their “hostess,” but she will expend no money nor provisions on them. Ice-water is the sole beverage that is supplied, and this is served in a pitcher, with invariably two glasses only for the use of the whole company! There is often dancing, but this partakes so much of the *Bal Mabile* style that few English ladies would join, and no French girls be allowed to do so. There is a great deal of mock modesty among our women, who “would appear overwhelmingly shocked (if they did not faint) at the word ‘leg’ used in their presence. You must say ‘limb’ of a fowl, and the word ‘breast’ must be avoided, if possible; yet the same women have freely displayed their own legs, when skating in crinolines and short petticoats.” Really, Teresina ought to be more original—this is stale, and very old. Teresina is entertaining only so long as she invents—when she borrows she is dull.

A marriage in America, we learn, is a considerably drier piece of business than a funeral elsewhere. “The ceremony usually takes place early in the morning—at six or seven o’clock—and bride and bridesmaids go shivering to the altar, in the cold semi-twilight, in what they call their ‘traveling suits,’ and armed with large umbrella, over-shoes, water-proofs, and all the disagreeable appurtenances for setting out on a long journey. Their breakfast is a scramble of hot dough, beefsteaks, or some other ‘hunting’ breakfast fare of the time of Queen Elizabeth. After the ceremony there is no feast, no drinking of the bride’s health and groom’s happiness, no blushing bridesmaids, no fun or festivity whatever.” It has been customary for the marriage ceremony to take place in the house, but it is just becoming fashionable to have it performed in a church with veils, bridesmaids, etc.

Gambling, according to Teresina, is one

of the great vices of Americans. Husbands and wives live very much apart in America, and the reason for this is certainly a very peculiar one. It seems that every married woman in this unhallowed land wants to keep a boarding-house. So the wife, we are gravely told, "goes to her mother, and speculates on her own account in a boarding-house, if she can succeed in inducing any gentleman to lend her the money, for the loan of which he takes out his board." This wonderful and inscrutable custom has of course covered the land with boarding-houses, and willfully corrupted the morals of the people.

Newspapers and newspaper editors do not escape our vivacious critic. "Sensational articles, calculated to provoke shooting or whipping, are written as a mere speculation to sell the paper. The writer knows that if he can produce an affray hot enough, he will sell so many more editions of his paper. He takes the risk of being shot or flogged himself, and sits in his office with a loaded revolver near his inkstand. The indignant sufferer from the article walks in—inquires if he is the writer of the obnoxious article. The editor places his pen in his ear, lays his hand on his revolver, and admits he is."

We have only glanced over a few chapters in Teresina's remarkable production, but the rich bits we have gathered may prompt us to return to it at another time. Let us meanwhile remind Teresina, inasmuch as she has given so frankly her opinion of Americans, that there are people here who have certain recollections of Lady Avonmore. Would she like their opinion of an English adventuress?

This book has just been published in England, and is not reprinted here. An early copy of the work has enabled us to lay these refreshing and entertaining extracts before our readers.

THE name of "Lord Darnley" calls up to the mind a certain weak and irresolute young man of royal blood, who lived several centuries ago, and who, it can now scarcely be doubted, was perfidiously done to death by his fair and faithless wife, Mary Queen of the Scots. Of a very different character, evidently, is the nobleman of the same title who graces the present generation with his existence. There is, at least, nothing weak-minded or vacillating in the present Earl of Darnley. He has just emerged from patrician obscurity into a rather uncomfortable light of notoriety. It would appear that the noble lord was not long ago the colonel of the West Kent Yeomanry, a body of mounted militia. In consequence of a quarrel with some of his subordinate officers, he peremptorily requested them to resign. Instead of doing so, they referred the matter, through

one of their number, to the inspector of cavalry. Before his reply came, Lord Darnley suddenly resigned his own command of the regiment. He retired with a special grudge against Captain Nicholson, the officer who had reported to the inspector. In Captain Nicholson's troop were serving several of Lord Darnley's tenants. All of these but one, instigated by their landlord, left the troop in a body. The one exception, a Mr. Lake, was stubborn enough to refuse to espouse a quarrel of Lord Darnley's, merely because that nobleman rented him a farm; whereupon he was notified that at next quarter-day his lease would not be renewed. In short, Mr. Lake, simply because he would not leave the royal service at the nod of Lord Darnley, was deprived of his farm.

No better instance of the feudal notions of some great English proprietors could be given than this. Lord Darnley evidently looks upon his tenants as still his vassals; and he carries his baronial instincts to the extent of rendering himself amenable to a certain awkward law, which forbids "the seducing of any person serving under her majesty's colors from his duty and obedience." Should he be brought to book for his exercise of feudal authority in a court of justice, he will undoubtedly look upon himself as a martyr to the "leveling tendencies of the times." Nor, if we can believe the utterances of English journals, can this instance of lordly despotism be regarded as exceptional.

The *Spectator* confesses that "thousands of great landlords agree with Lord Darnley." A man who hires a farm of one of these magnates, according to their creed, not only is expected to keep it in good order, to pay a certain rent, and to render it up in the same condition as he found it, but to vote for the landlord's candidates, to resent the landlord's quarrels, to attend the landlord's church, and generally to conform to the landlord's wishes in his political, religious, and social conduct. As a provincial paper says: "The earl really does not go far enough to do justice to his own pretensions. He ought to issue a code of regulations, telling his tenants whom they might visit, what they might eat and drink, what recreations they might pursue, and what animosities and friendships they might cultivate." Yet, after the pitiable spectacle presented in the present case by Lord Darnley's tenants, he cannot perhaps be very severely blamed. They so eagerly and gratefully accept their serfdom that they certainly deserve nothing better than to be buffeted about by a lord who believes in his divine right to keep their consciences and dictate their rules of conduct. They address a letter to him, in which they humbly thank him for deigning

to explain his reasons for leaving the regiment, avow themselves only too glad to show their loyalty by following him, express their shocked amazement at the audacious obstinacy of the tenant who dared to remain in service after Lord Darnley had left it, and hasten to disavow any sympathy with that rebellious person. Truly, this picture betrays a state of things in the English rural districts which glib writers will find it difficult to gloss over or apologize for; and herein we discern some reason for that discontent at the condition of the land-laws which is fast growing to formidable proportions.

His holiness the pope has recently given utterance in favor of "hard money." In an interview accorded to some devout French pilgrims, he uttered a few sage reflections upon the material prosperity of France; and took occasion to remark approvingly upon the fact that "sounding money circulates in that country," and to contrast this state of things favorably with that of other countries, where "sounding money disappears, to give place to another currency, which gives no sound save that produced by a great mass of paper thrown violently on to a hard table or on to the pavement." Whether this was spoken *ex cathedra* and is therefore to be taken as infallible, we cannot tell, as the Ecumenical Fathers have not yet definitely decided what *ex cathedra* really means; but it would appear that hard money in France, and her consequent prosperity, have some curious connection with pilgrimages to miraculous shrines, the bountiful outpouring of Peter's pence, and the busy establishing of religious schools. The argument seems to be that the road to specie payments is that bordered by shrines and dotted with the monuments of pious deeds. Pilgrimages are processions not alone toward the heavenly gates, but toward worldly wealth. Then it is not alone the Christian faith, but that special branch of it of which Pio Nono is the infallible interpreter, which carries material prosperity as its attributes and gifts. Unfortunately, however, for the acceptance of the pope as a financial authority, it happens that those nations which are financially the soundest are incorrigibly Protestant or Greek; while those which are most deeply sunk in "the great mass of paper" currency are either Catholic or Mohammedan. We leave our own case out of sight, as, though finance is just now with us a sorely perplexing problem, we cannot suppose ourselves in a permanent condition of "soft-money" currency. But England, Russia, and Germany, are the three soundest and most solvent nations in Europe; next after them come Holland and Denmark. On the other hand, Spain, Italy, and Austria, are in the paper-money state, and

likely to remain so; Turkey is downright bankrupt; while the credit of the South American Catholic countries is at a provokingly low ebb. Religion undoubtedly has a very important though an indirect influence upon human business affairs. It promotes commercial as well as social morality where its influence makes itself vigorously felt; and even the practical economist will not refuse to admit that commercial morality is the soundest basis of commercial prosperity. The pope is shrewd enough to avail himself of an appeal to self-interest to induce schismatics to return to the true fold and the faithful to cleave to their faith; but the French pilgrims, were they not the soberest and most unreasoning of devotees, must have laughed gently to themselves when told that the reason why gold napoleons are plenty in France may be found in the penny contributions to the Holy Father, and the journeys made by the devout to the shrines of Paray and Lourdes.

THE book-reviewer of the London *Spectator*, in noticing Mr. Southworth's "Four Thousand Miles of African Travel," is perplexed at the oddly-compounded name of Mr. Gouverneur Morris, Jr., of New York, apparently thinking that *Gouverneur* has some sort of gubernatorial significance. Mr. Julian Hawthorne writes to the *Spectator* to set the reviewer right: explaining that *Gouverneur* is a frequently-recurring family name in New York. But Mr. Hawthorne might have gone a little farther, and reminded the *Spectator* reviewer that the name of a man so well known in American history as Gouverneur Morris—who figured in our Continental Congress, who was our agent in England during the Revolution, who was afterward our ambassador to France, and later a United States Senator, who was actively concerned in many political movements—ought to be known to an educated Englishman. It is true that educated and other Englishmen are prone to disdain all knowledge of what they call our local celebrities; but limitations in these matters quite as often arise from the stubbornness and ignorance of the outside world as from any necessary boundary to the individual's fame.

Who invented the piano-forte? The Florentines, having caught the centennial infection, propose to commemorate, next year, the one-hundredth anniversary of the death of a certain Cristofori, for whom they demand the honor of having given to the world the most elaborate and perfect of musical instruments. But Cristofori's claim is not of the clearest, and is very earnestly disputed. The fact probably is, that to no single inventor do we owe the piano. It gradually

grew out of a number of successive improvements on the ancient stringed instruments. The old lute, and spinnet, and harpsichord, were played upon with the fingers; the piano is also stringed, and the main difference between it and the harp in mechanical principle is the substitution of the "jacks," or hammers, which strike upon the strings instead of twanging them. Who thought of this idea of the jack and the keys by which the hand communicates with it? He, perhaps, has the best right to the credit of the invention; but, whether it was the Bohemian Schroeter, or the French Marius, or the Venetian Cristofori, it seems impossible now to determine. A disputed invention a century old is hard to settle; even the discovery of ether as an anæsthetic agent, made within thirty years, is involved in a maze of contradictory evidence. But, even if Cristofori were the inventor of the piano-forte, Florence can scarcely claim the reflected honor; for he was of scholastic Padua. It is interesting to think that the piano is but little over a century old, and that, while Mozart only lived to see it coming into vogue, Beethoven was almost the first great composer who made use of it for purposes of composition. What an incalculable benefit the piano has been to the later *maestri*!

Literary.

MOST readers, probably, unless warned beforehand, will take up Professor Jevons's "Money and the Mechanism of Exchange" * with the expectation of finding another treatise on currency—perhaps the most bewildering subject in the entire range of the "dismal science." To such the book will bring an agreeable disappointment; for it touches scarcely at all upon abstract or theoretical questions, and is simply, as the author defines it, "a descriptive essay on the past and present monetary systems of the world, the materials employed to make money, the regulations under which coins are struck and issued, the natural laws which govern their circulation, the several modes in which they may be replaced by the use of paper documents, and finally the method in which the use of money is immensely economized by the check and clearing system now being extended and perfected." The subject of money as a whole is a very extensive one, and the literature of it would alone form a great library. Many changes are taking place in the currencies of the world, and important inquiries have been lately instituted concerning the best mode of constituting the circulating medium. The information on the subject stored up in government Blue-books, in the reports of international committees, and in the writings of

* Money and the Mechanism of Exchange. By W. Stanley Jevons, M. A., F. R. S. International Scientific Series. Vol. xviii. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

private individuals, is quite appalling in extent, and for the most part "caviare to the general." The purpose of the present work was to extract from this mass of literature just such facts as seemed likely to prove useful in enabling the public to reach some conclusion upon the many currency questions which press for solution, or at least to understand their principles; and Professor Jevons may have the satisfaction of feeling that, if he has not closed the debate on the Bank Charter Act, or on "intrinsic" and "representative" value, he has made it easier than ever before for the wayfaring man to comprehend the real function of money, and the conditions with which it must comply. And, after all, money is like monogamy: its explanation is to be sought not in metaphysics but in history. Gold and silver have come to be universally accepted as the best circulating medium, not by a process of reasoning or an evolution of consciousness, but by the long experience of the race, extending over thousands of years, and embracing a trial of skins, corn, oxen, leather, wampum, cowries, copper, bronze, iron, and lead, that they most nearly meet the essential requisites of money.

Professor Jevons begins with an amusing story of a French singer who gave a concert in the Society Islands with the understanding that she was to receive a third part of the receipts. When counted, her share was found to consist of three pigs, twenty-three turkeys, forty-four chickens, five thousand cocoa-nuts, besides considerable quantities of bananas, lemons, and oranges, which would have been a very fair return if it could have been converted into cash. Unfortunately, pieces of money were scarce in the Society Islands, and as *mademoiselle* could not consume any considerable portion of the receipts herself, it became necessary in the mean time to feed the pigs and poultry with the fruit. Homely as this anecdote is, there could hardly be a better illustration at once of the conditions of barter (the primary form of exchange), and of the usefulness of a standard currency; and from this initial point we are led step by step through the early history of money, the substitution of the metals for other materials, the various systems of metallic money, the "battle of the standards," and the growing development of representative money, such as under-weight coins, promissory-notes, bank-notes, checks, bills of exchange, and the various other "credit documents" by which, in modern commerce, the use of actual money is dispensed with. Much attention is given to technical matters relating to coinage, such as alloys, the size and wear of coins, the methods of counting them, and the best plan to prevent counterfeiting. In treating of the materials of coins the professor cites the tradition that Lycurgus obliged the Lacedæmonians to use iron money, in order that its weight might be a check upon overmuch trading, and remarks that, if this rule were adopted at the present day, a penny (English money) would weigh about a pound, and a ton of iron would represent a five-pound note. On the other hand, gold and silver are very awkward for small currency. A silver penny weighs seven and

a half grains, and a gold one would weigh only half a grain. The octagonal quarter-dollar tokens, circulated in California, weigh less than four grains each, and are so thin that they can almost be blown away. The suitability of gold and silver for the higher values has, however, been recognized everywhere; and the only open question in coinage is as to the best material for fractional currency. Bronze is better than copper, and the alloy of one part of nickel with three of copper that has been adopted for the one-cent pieces of the United States, the smaller coins of Belgium, and the ten and five pfennig pieces of the new German coinage, would be excellent but for the variability of the price of nickel. If steel could be prevented from rusting, it would be one of the best possible materials; but Professor Jevons thinks it likely that some new and entirely satisfactory material for fractional money will shortly be found—perhaps an alloy of manganese.

Naturally, the largest space is devoted to the English monetary system and to English experience, but the facts marshaled are of universal application. A good deal of attention, moreover, is given to the problem of international coinage—the adoption of which, the author thinks, would be the most important step in the path of progress that the race could take, except the adoption of an international language. Professor Jevons thinks that the decimal system will, in the end, prevail, if only from the hold which it has taken on the world; but he candidly admits its defects, and shows that the duodecimal system is in various ways more simple and convenient. As to the steps necessary to secure an international money, he thinks the most important that could be taken now would be the assimilation of the American dollar to the French five-franc piece—a change which would involve a reduction of less than two grains in the amount of gold which the dollar contains. "There is little doubt," he says, "that the adhesion of the American Government to the proposals of the Congress of 1863 would give the holding turn to the metric system of weights, measures, and moneys. It is quite likely that it might render the dollar the future universal unit. The fact that the dollar is already the monetary unit of many parts of the world, gives it large odds. In becoming assimilated to the French *écu*, American gold would be capable of circulation in Europe, or wherever the French *napoleon* has hitherto been accepted."

In studying a language we begin with the grammar before we attempt to write or read; and there is much to be learned about money before entering upon those abstruse questions which barely admit of decided answers. Professor Jevons's work furnishes an elementary grammar of the subject; and if it could have a circulation proportionate to its merits, that murky atmosphere of ignorance in which visionary financial schemes are enabled to flourish would soon be cleared.

It is plain, from the "Home Pastorals, Ballads, and Lyrics" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.), that Mr. Bayard Taylor, as a poet, considers himself at issue with his fellows;

and the tone of most of the poems is alternately one of remonstrance and defiance. Like the singer of the "Earthly Paradise," he was "born out of his due time;" but he is not, as Morris is, content to dwell apart in a world created and peopled by his own art, but frets under the restraints and limitations of unsympathetic and uncongenial surroundings. The "burden of the day" is heavy upon him because he will not shape himself after the patterns that are wrought "in our common mills of thought;" and his only consolation comes from the hope that, if he wins in his attempt to throw off the burden, those who imposed the restrictions will awaken and thank him because he defied. Now, in a case of this kind, there is always a question whether it is the time or the poet that is out of joint; and it is certainly odd to encounter such a complaint coming from Mr. Taylor. We had always supposed that his poetry took much of its interest, as it certainly takes much of its popularity, from its falling in with the time—from its drawing its inspiration, its subjects, and its sentiments, from the prevailing tastes and feelings of his audience. How else account for the considerable measure of success which he has achieved? And surely Mr. Taylor has no reason to be dissatisfied with the reception accorded his work both by the critics and the public. It seems to us, in truth, that the time has been peculiarly propitious to Mr. Taylor's muse. In a period of lofty dramatic or intensely lyrical poetry—a period favorable to spontaneous, natural singing—he could hardly have hoped to gain a hearing; whereas, now, few American poets are more certain of a wide and admiring audience.

The present collection contains most of the miscellaneous poetry which Mr. Taylor has written since 1864. The first group is entitled "Home Pastorals," and contains five pieces: a poem, an epilogue, and three longer poems entitled, respectively, "May-Time," "August," and "November." These are for the most part descriptive, as pastoral poetry should be, and are written in flowing, leisurely hexameters, a difficult measure, which Mr. Taylor manages extremely well. The tone is pitched very low, and there is little attempt at pictorial embellishment; occasionally, however, we come upon a felicitous bit like the following, descriptive of November's advent:

"Silent are now the flute of spring and the clarion of summer,
As they had never been blown: the wall of a dull
Miserere
Heavily sweeps the woods, and, stifled, dies in the valleys."

The second group, entitled "Ballads," comprises six pieces, all of which are good—interesting in subject and spirited in style. "John Reed" is a peculiarly impressive picture of a life unblest by love, and slowly withering to the root; and "The Old Pennsylvania Farmer" is a striking and lifelike portrait. The instinctive conservatism of old age has seldom been more accurately and amusingly depicted. "Napoleon at Gotha" is a spirited rendering of a well-known historic incident.

Of the "Lyrics," several are deformed by

the fretfulness of which we spoke at the beginning of our notice, and in others the topic is too subtle to find truly lyrical expression. The skill in versification is, perhaps, their most noticeable feature; though "The Two Homes," "The Sleeper," and "Run Wild," are both pleasing and musical. All of these are too long to quote; so we select, instead, the following stanza from "Summer Night"—a good example of the author's easy command of rhythm and rhyme:

"ADAGIO.

"Something came with the falling dusk,
Came, and quickened to soft unrest:
Something floats in the linden's musk,
And throbs in the brook on the meadow's breast.
Shy Spirit of Love, awake, awake!
All things feel thee,
And all reveal thee:
The night was given for thy sweet sake.
Toll slinks aside, and leaves to thee the land;
The heart beats warmer for the idle hand;
The timid tongue unlearns its wrong,
And speech is turned to song:
The shaded eyes are braver;
And every life, like flowers whose scent is dumb
Till dew and darkness come,
Gives forth a tender savor.
Oh, each so lost in all, who may resist
The plea of lips unkiassed,
Or, hearing such a strain,
Though kissed a thousand times, kiss not again!"

Mr. Taylor's muse seems to need the spur of a great occasion, and the "Odes" undoubtedly present the finest poetry in the volume. "The Gettysburg Ode," in particular, is a very noble poem, and will take a place but little below Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," in the patriotic song of the nation. The fine "Ode to Goethe," read at the memorial dinner, was reproduced at the time in the columns of the JOURNAL, and the echo of its exalted strains can hardly have faded as yet from the minds of our readers.

It was a happy thought on the part of Miss Johnson to adopt the Catskill Mountains as the *locale* of her fairy stories; * for the necromancy of Washington Irving has already rendered them enchanted ground, and nothing is too marvelous for belief concerning the region which Rip Van Winkle has consecrated to mythology. Her fairies, it is true, are not of the familiar goblin brood, and their ancestry could easily be traced back to Robin Goodfellow and his merry elf; but we can readily believe that previous writers have overlooked part of the population of our wonder-land, and Nip, and Puff, and Rapp, and Laurel Queen, and the rest, will find a cheerful welcome to the Catskill Valhalla.

The plan of Miss Johnson's book is like that of the Arabian Nights—a cluster of stories within a story, the wildest flights of the imagination being linked to the homely incidents of every-day life and facts familiar to us all. A little boy, named Job, left alone in a cottage on the mountains while his grandfather went to the village for provisions, is snowed in on Christmas-eve by an unexpected snow-storm; and, as he hovered close to the fire in his solitude, the great clock in the

* The Catskill Fairies. By Virginia W. Johnson. Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. New York: Harper & Brothers.

corner, and the murmuring shell on the mantel-piece, and the Angora cat on the hearth, told him strange stories of adventure by land and sea, while the winter fairies and the summer fairies, the fairies of the water-fall and glen, of oak-tree, laurel, and fir, disclosed their mysteries for his entertainment. On Christmas-day Job was rescued; and, on his hinting to his grandfather the sights he had seen and the stories he had heard, that practical person told him he had been dreaming. Job, however, would not accept this explanation; and no more will the little folks, whom these "Catskill Fairies" are sure to delight.

The book is beautifully printed and bound, and Mr. Fredericks's illustrations are fully as pleasing as the text. If the modern taste for art has extended to fairy-land, Queen Puff will surely appoint him court-artist.

The combination of sound scientific instruction with an exciting and plausible story is not an easy one, and we cannot say that Mr. Trowbridge has been entirely successful in his attempt to make it in "The Young Surveyor" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.). There is plenty of instruction in it, no doubt, lucidly and ingeniously put, and the story is highly interesting; but the two are mingled without being mixed, and we are afraid most boys will skip the explanations of Jack's surveying achievements in their eagerness to reach his encounters with old Peakslow, his adventures with Radcliff, and his gradual reformation of the Betterson boys. They cannot read even these portions of the story, however, without acquiring at least a modicum of useful knowledge; and the tone of the book, which, after all, is the most important point, is thoroughly wholesome and invigorating. Sensible boys will have little reason to complain as long as they have the opportunity, now and then, to add such a book to their collection of well-thumbed literary treasures.

There are many illustrations in the volume, and most of them are good, but the artist's vignette of "Lord Betterson" is an absurdly inappropriate travesty of Mr. Trowbridge's portrait of that backwoods "aristocrat."

Mr. JOHNSON concludes his "Little Classics" with a volume of "Authors," containing biographical sketches of all the authors represented in the series. As there are more than a hundred and fifty of these, the sketches are necessarily very brief, and little is attempted in the way of criticism. Addison observes in the opening paper of the *Spectator* that "a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author;" and it is to the furnishing of such particulars, with others of a chronological and bibliographical character, that Mr. Johnson chiefly addresses himself. The sketches are fairly good of their kind, and will prove serviceable to such

as have no cyclopaedia or biographical dictionary at hand. A valuable feature of the volume is the general index to the entire series.

The second volume of the new edition of Hawthorne's works (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.) contains "The House of the Seven Gables," one of the most fascinating romances ever written. We have already spoken of the exquisite style in which this edition is published, but each additional volume affords a new pleasure to the eye. Nothing could exceed its neatness, daintiness, and convenience.

The witty Charles Monselet—one of the men who know best how to say nothing quite agreeably—has just brought out in Paris his "Années de Gaité," a book certified to be full of fun and of good spirits. It is a collection of fanciful stories, in which, notwithstanding all that is fanciful, Parisian existence is sketched from the life; not serious Parisian life, indeed, but such as we see on the Boulevard and in the Bois. Certain of the morsels which compose it contain ideas which would do well on the stage. The *Débats* cites one—a little story, "The Sorrows of a Borrower"—in which one gentleman constitutes himself guardian of another, who on the morrow is to lend him a few hundred pounds, and the would-be borrower goes so far as to fight a duel with some one who had cause of quarrel with the lender, lest the lender himself should, by death, be incapacitated from lending.

The London *Athenaeum* is pleased to commend Miss Alcott's "Eight Cousins" highly. It says that Miss Alcott's stories are thoroughly healthy and full of racy fun and humor, and ends its criticism as follows: "Although there are seven boy cousins, one or two of whom are quite men in their own eyes, and although there is a lovely, fascinating little girl, who grows up to be a charming young lady, there is not one breath of preceious sentiment, and the frank, healthy, cousinly element is not disturbed by a single hint of love or lovers to come hereafter, and this we take to be an example which might be followed with great advantage in many of our own stories for the young, which are neither more nor less than diminutive and diluted novels."

A WRITER in *Temple Bar* assails the poetry of the present era in a very truculent if not discriminating fashion. He says: "If we rid ourselves of a certain glamour which its usually high coloring sheds around its performances, and of a certain amount of unhealthy sympathy with it which a contemporary can hardly resist, we shall find that, substantially, the poetry of the Romantic School, the poetry which essentially breathes the air and expresses the feelings of the nineteenth century, is thin, hazy, unsubstantial, deficient in good sense as well as in definiteness, wanting in sobriety and measured judgment, too fine by half in its dress, morbid, unsatisfactory, and inadequate. It does not satisfy. It excites; at least it excites us. But whether it will excite a future generation is another question. It is ornate, excessive in adornment, outrageous in expression, forced, odd, quaint, spasmodic, and sometimes positively epileptic. It is wanting in backbone, or rather indulges in those painful explosions and contortions which accompany certain forms of spinal disease. It is very glowing, but it gives no light. It dazzles, but does not illuminate. It cannot be said of it, as Cicero says of the true orator,

'Clarescit urendo.' It does not brighten as it burns. It seeks to run through the gamut of the universe, but it has not yet discovered a concord. It is a perfect Chinese concert of sounds. Shelley is its most pronounced type, and by far its greatest ornament; and nine-tenths of Shelley's poetry is a diseased wall and a shapeless cry that does not reach the gods, and does not benefit man."

THE *Saturday Review* characterizes the literature of spiritualism very plainly and pointedly. It says: "The chief thing that must strike any rational mind on taking up the literature of what is called 'spiritism' is its intense and irredeemable dreariness. Weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable as the courses of this world may have been pronounced, none but the veriest lunatic would think to better himself by flying to one the course of which is likely to be such as the mediums have to tell us of. Any thing more stupid than the doings, more rapid than the talk, more pointless than the whole life which goes on in the so-called world of spirits, it is not in the power of man to conceive. No wonder that the heroes in the Elysian Fields had rather, as they told Telemachus, serve as the veriest bondsmen in the world of daylight and the earth than reign over the shades, if the unearthly abode of the blessed corresponded in the slightest degree with the melancholy blank which seems to make up 'mediumistic' existence at its best. Universal and unmitigated imbecility certainly seems to be the state to which what are put forward as the 'higher class of spirits' are one and all reduced. As for the lower orders, the wickedness of their old Adam finds vent in pranks and mystifications too childishly inane to be accused of serious mischief. We never heard, at least, of any thing worse than pulling unbelievers' beads in the dark, or hitting them over the head with a banjo."

A NEW drama in London, by Messrs. Palgrave Simpson and Herman Merivale, entitled "All for Her," must be of a rather composite order, according to the *Athenaeum*. The central figure, it tells us, is taken, by permission and with acknowledgment, from Dickens; the sacrifice, which forms the main interest, recalls the "Esmond" of Thackeray; the treatment of the subject is in the manner of the elder Dumas; and the hero, remade, or at least re-dressed, seems at the outset compounded of equal portions of *Don Caesar de Bazan* and *Le Nèveu du Rameau*. These approximations, however, which can scarcely, except in one instance, be called resemblances, scarcely detract from the originality of a work which is nobly planned and fairly executed. There is freshness of motive enough to set against any amount of unconscious imitation, and the interest begotten during the progress of the story is equally novel and powerful.

DR. ELZE, in his new book on Shakespeare, may be said to have added something to the probability of Shakespeare's having visited Italy. It is indeed difficult to believe that the poet never himself saw those fair blue skies, beneath which so many of his creations move as beneath their native and proper canopy. The very air of Italy seems blowing through many of his scenes. And does any non-Italian work transport us into the bright, star-clear South like the last act of "The Merchant of Venice!"

"M. C." in the *London Pictorial World*—asserted to be Mortimer Collins—declares Jo-

aquin Miller, Artemus Ward, and Julian Hawthorne—American writers who went to London to use their pens—to be not only not "first-class men," but that "Tupper is equal to all three of them"!!!

The Arts.

SIX pictures, by Gérôme, Alma-Tadema, Meissonier, Zamacois, Vibert, and Jules Breton, have been on exhibition at Goupil's. These pictures were painted some ten or twelve years ago, and are very interesting examples of the work of artists some of whom did not then by any means enjoy the world-wide reputation they have since justly acquired. It is instructive to look at their work and see in some the half-formed manner that has since developed completely, and in others to note the change of aim that has crept into the purpose of the painter. In neither of these early works is there the same freedom of handling or precision of color which now marks the works of the same artists; and the change in these respects is an encouraging indication for all younger students that improvement constantly goes on where painters earnestly work with the hands and think out difficulties with the imagination.

The painting by Alma-Tadema is called "Teaching Young Gauls the Manly Arts," and represents two handsome boys (young princes eight or ten years old) in a stately apartment, surrounded by officers of the court, including priests in long, yellow robes, and their mother, a royal woman, who sits somewhat apart attended by her maids. From the composed, self-reliant faces of the young boys, and their level brows and solid features, we should have taken them for the Asiatics or Egyptians Alma-Tadema has since so often represented, were it not for their fair skins and yellow hair. One boy has just flung his little weapon, resembling a small battle-axe, at a target at the end of the room, where it sticks in the wall close to the bull's-eye. This child is now standing still as a statue, while his brother takes his turn at the sport. While Alma-Tadema did not paint so well when this picture was made as he now does, there may be seen in it the same love of composed and statuesque forms and groupings that now marks his pictures; but experience has taught him that Greek or Egyptian types are more in consonance with the lofty composure he loves than those which are less beautiful in line and more nervous in action. It is very interesting to trace technically in this picture the indications of an instinct for color which has more recently unfolded in the strange, subtle lights and shades which dominate his paintings, and now show masses of rich hues put upon the canvas so evenly and with such unerring precision. In the picture of the young Gauls we perceive that Alma-Tadema loved color when he made the massed forms of yellow drapery hanging from the shoulders of the priests; but it was color he had not learned to manage well, and the edges of it are uncertain and dirty, while the shadows do not repeat the hue which shows in the light. This artist has lost somewhat his

love of carefully-anatomized drawing in the last ten years, even if he ever had it, which we much doubt, for examples are extremely rare of painters with so positive an instinct for tones of color and the æsthetic sphere of their subjects as Alma-Tadema is possessed of, who care much for the unimaginative and realistic development of particulars. It is said of Corot that he gives the *sentiment* of a landscape. As truly may we apply this thought to Alma-Tadema that he gives the sentiment of an historical period or the genius of a race—the sentiment as he conceives it, which may or may not be the true conception—and Mr. Ruskin thinks it is not—but it is at any rate a very definite and positive one.

When Alma-Tadema painted his two young Gauls he was somewhat in the position of a student, and his own individuality was less developed than now, in consequence of which we see more clearly here than in any picture we remember by him, that he studied hard when he painted the stalwart legs and carefully-articulated knees of his young barbarians. They are very minutely delineated, and attract the eye more particularly than any other point in the picture. But now, from all his late paintings, we know he does not care for this department of a picture, which Gérôme, on the other hand, has most potently in his thought; his mind has run toward statuesque composition clothed with strange and harmonious tones of color. Disraeli, in "Contarini Fleming," describes the growth of a poet's mind, but no biography of an artist so representative and individual as Alma-Tadema can so well show the progress of his thoughts and his skill as pictures made by him at different stages.

Meissonier's little painting has great value from somewhat the same cause as the one by Alma-Tadema. In Meissonier's case, however, the motive ever appears to have been to depict, with the most minute realism, each quality in any object from a man to his shoe-string, and to render with absolute fidelity every particular line and shade of color that went to its composition. An analytic, not a synthetic, painter, it is not the general sentiment of a scene or a condition of life that saturates his intelligence, but the brilliant sparkle of a multiplicity of facts. This picture was painted several years ago, and since it was executed the same change and technical progress may be observed in it as in that of the "Young Gauls" by Alma-Tadema. Then as now, Meissonier evidently considered it a duty to use no more canvas than was absolutely necessary for the expression of his ideas, and so we see here a small cabinet picture with a man in it, as minute and as detailed as in the painter's works of last year. But in the nicety with which these details are rendered, time and practice have made a great improvement. In the picture at Goupil's there is the evidence of a freshness of feeling, which has since died out of work that has become somewhat hackneyed, though now more thorough than ever. This fresh interest is shown in the vivacity of the expression of the man's face—an expression more positive and perhaps exaggerated than

Meissonier now depicts; for in those days Meissonier evidently cared very much for his subjects, and, as he did not know so well how to make them good, he threw more of his own thought into them than he now does, when long habit has taught him to the breadth of a hair what sized pencil to use for the exquisite veining of a hand, and the precise shade of blue with which to mark the shadows about the eyelids, or the sunk thinness of the temples. Of old these minutiae were much less precise and more coarse than now, but still they were positive enough to indicate whither the genius of the artist tended.

The other pictures are less significant than the two we have described. Jules Breton has always apparently had the same habits of color, and his group of women in the gray twilight show the same innocent type of French peasantry as in his pictures of today. In this painting of "The Day's Work over," a woman pure as a nun, and as strongly built as a horse, sits nursing a large, healthy infant, while another child, vigorous and brawny, is stretched out on a hay-cock beside its mother. Two or three more women are grouped about, simply painted and well made, and in the distance their frame cottage appears through the gloaming in the damp evening haze. This painting is quite a large one, but we do not recollect to have seen a picture by Breton that contained so many figures in it, and these figures too are grouped to make a pleasant composition, each of them being as thoroughly drawn and as expressive as if it formed the centre of interest in the picture. Zamacois seems to us to have changed less than either of the artists named, and, though his pictures have less color than in some of his works of a later day, the lady mixing drink for an old brown monk, in her handsome dress and with her two gorgeous male companions, might have been found in one of his paintings of last year.

FREDERICK A. BRIDGMAN'S Salon picture, entitled "The Nubian Fortune-Teller—Interior of a Harem," is now on exhibition in Brooklyn. The scene represents a Moorish interior or apartment, with a lofty, bracketed ceiling, and side-walls richly colored and ornamented with arabesque-work. The sides of the room are furnished with luxuriant divans, and the centre of the tessellated pavement is sunken, where a small fountain plays. On the right, a tawny Arab reclines upon a divan, and his favorite wife is seated on a rug at his feet, and has her arm thrown lovingly around a little child. At the right hand of this group a dark-skinned Nubian woman is seated on the pavement, and is apparently telling the fortunes of those around her in pantomime as well as in words.

Behind this weird figure of the Nubian woman there are scattered figures, some of which are standing and others reclining upon the divans and upon the pavement. The background is in the form of a deep alcove. It has a large, latticed window, in shadow, which scarcely affects the soft light in the recess. The strongest light in the apartment is concentrated on the foreground group, and

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the effect is very striking, not only in connection with the figures, but also with the delicate tracery shown upon the walls. Just behind the Arab the wall is of a deep-blue tone, and its color is emphasized by a warm brown tint introduced on the right, where there are a number of niches holding vases and other household ornaments. Upon the cornices of the doors and windows, and resting on brackets, are numerous objects of the potter's art; and other evidences of a somewhat rude and uncultivated art-taste are also apparent in the apartment. There is a great variety of colors and textures shown in the costumes, and the arrangement is harmonious. The drawing is excellent. The interest of the picture is concentrated in the foreground group. This concentration of interest around the Nubian woman is one of the most artistic features in the composition; it is not disturbed by the brilliancy of the wall-colors, the enervated figures of the women in the background, or the gorgeous accessories of costume and rich architectural detail. At first sight, such is the repose of the scene, one fails to comprehend its extraordinary beauty. This feeling, however, is soon dispelled, and the picture at once asserts its force and power as a lasting expression of the beautiful, and as such we have no doubt it will be accepted by lovers of art.

MAURICE F. H. DE HAAS is at present engaged upon a large canvas representing the clearing away of a storm at West Hampton, on the ocean-shore of Long Island. There is a brig stranded in the breakers; and a pile of merchandise on the beach, covered with canvas, indicates that the crew, aided by wreckers, have been engaged in taking out her cargo. There is a large number of figures forming scattered groups on the beach, and the brig's deck is yet held by the crew. The sky is covered with drifting storm-clouds, and the effect of the wind can almost be heard, so realistic is the treatment, as it sways the vessel's spars and whistles through the rigging. The force of the wind is also shown on the water, and, as the huge rollers break, it catches the white-caps, and sends the foam swirling in showers over the stranded vessel and landward. In the drawing of the wave-forms and the doomed brig there is much to admire; but to the student the most subtle point of interest in the picture is the painting of the long, conchoidal form of the beach-line, and the atmospheric effect peculiar to it after a rain-storm, and when the sunlight is struggling through the clouds. These features of the work are handled with great breadth and freedom.

HERR WACHTEL has scarcely awakened less interest in his present visit to New York than he did on his first appearance in this country, but his qualities as a singer are probably now measured with more discrimination and accuracy. Wachtel has indisputably many faults. He is a heretic as to the canons of the Italian school of vocalization, admitted to be the most perfect extant. Often, in spite of his magnificent voice, his tones are uncertain, and sometimes rough. He does not hesitate in the high notes, writ-

ten to be sung *mezza voce*, to use the hybrid tone known as *falsetto*. This fault would endanger a hiss in an Italian or London theatre, where the musical public is educated to the point of dilettanteism, and the main measure of merit is extreme finish and purity of vocal style. It is difficult to tell whether this lack of ability in modulation be attributable to a defect in the organ, or want of skill in the use of the voice. Be that as it may, the effect is often unpleasant, and a just subject for criticism. Again, Wachtel takes strange liberties at times with his score, not only adding embellishments *ad libitum* (a caprice shared by most great singers), but perverting the music itself. He seems to consider himself an autocrat for whose convenience the purpose of the composer must be bent and moulded without mercy. A similar vanity is not unselfdom witnessed, but in the case of Herr Wachtel it is carried to an extraordinary degree. These are all very grave faults, and critics do well to stamp them as such.

Despite these defects, Wachtel is a marvellous singer. The secret of his power is that his voice and style are full of virile, solid strength, and the magnetism of that strength is wellnigh irresistible. One unconsciously associates with the tenor voice something inconsistent with masculine vigor. But, while possessing a voice of great compass and mellowness, Wachtel is unmistakably manly and strong in the quality and style of his singing. It is not merely in the tempestuous rush of his high notes when he sings *forte* passages, but ingrained in the quality of his vocal *timbre*, even when he sings *falsetto* or head-notes. It is this characteristic that stamps his individuality as an artist, and deservedly fastens the admiration of the public. The ability to sing the upper C with the full natural voice is, of course, a gift which always excites enthusiasm among a people so fond of sensations as Americans. Some have unwisely concluded that this is Wachtel's principal claim on public interest, and that without it he would take but little rank. This gift of compass, not often needed in the opera, though uncommon, is by no means a great phenomenon. Campanini, who was here two years ago, sang a splendid chest C. Mongini, who died in Italy last year, used to walk down the whole depth of the Covent Garden stage in London, pealing it forth with a sustained trumpet-force. Rubini, a great tenor of the last generation, not only emulated the feat, but sang four notes higher so artistically that the most delicate ear could not tell where the head-production of voice was substituted for that from the chest.

But Wachtel's compass is not his greatest claim upon our admiration, for the *ut de poitrine* rather captivates the mass than the cultivated listener. His style has so much dignity, breadth, and force throughout, that, if necessary, we could dispense with an *ad captandum* power. The ordinary ear may be exceptionally pleased with a rendering of the "De' Quella Pira" in "Trovatore," which he sings an octave above the written score; but the cultured lover of high art will take even more delight in the magnificent dash and humor of "The Whip-Song" in "The Postillion," or the splendid passion and despair

shown in the great duet in the last act of "The Huguenots." Here the genius of the singer comes out unmistakably.

In listening to Herr Wachtel as an interpreter of music, one irresistibly recurs to that class of art-associations growing out of the thought of Gluck, Weber, Beethoven, and Wagner, as composers of music. There is nothing feminine, soft, and luxuriant, in the moral atmosphere of such art, but every thing that is sturdy and invigorating. It breathes of the mountain and pine-forest, not of the plain and orange-grove. Surely, to belong to this fellowship in music is loftier and better than to be merely rounded, and moulded, and polished, in accordance with the fastidious requirements of musical dilettanteism, which sometimes threatens to eat like a dry-rot into all that is truest and most inspiring in music. For our part, the pleasure to be derived from this kind of excellence seems far more worthy of preference than that growing out of mere finish of method and liquid sweetness of voice.

Wachtel the actor has the merits of Wachtel the singer. There are fire, freedom, and breadth, in his dramatic manner; he fills the stage by his mingled dignity and passion. The union of power in singing and acting is rare. It gives Wachtel a stamp as an artist which even his great defects can hardly tarnish, and establishes him as one of the most remarkable musical artists of the age.

The last *British Quarterly Review* has a very sweeping criticism of Mr. Holman Hunt's "Shadow of Death." It denounces the figure of Christ as simply imbecile, expressing neither energy of body nor of mind: "The lower limbs are muscular, and yet the pose and movement are so feeble and devoid of will as to suggest paralysis. The slender arms are not in action, but are spreading heedlessly in space, without intention or control. The face is equally devoid of energy, intelligence, and human sympathy. Never were mental weakness and the absolute deficiency of moral power more ably shown. Fallen humanity could have little hope from such a delicate and dainty personage. The forty days and forty nights of wandering in the wilderness, and the effective power of will and limb experienced by the money-changers, are entirely inconsistent with this feeble presence. This, then, is not the Christ. The eyes of all would never have been fastened on an aspect such as this. Here is no possibility of any Saviour of the world. No one would put his trust in such a paragon of imbecility. The whole figure is the very opposite of the historic Christ. The Saviour could have been no pretty weakling; but, as a man destined to sorrow, he would be firm of countenance, with majesty, and power, and gentleness, united in his aspect. His eyes would not be soft and weak, and full of self-complacency, but bright, beaming with active sympathy for human nature, and capable of insight into power as well as into weakness. His mouth and lips, 'taught by the wisdom of his heart,' would be finely moulded for the utterance of 'gracious words' or of most bitter scorn. His frame and constitution must have been exceptionally strong, and his arms muscular, for he was known as an efficient workman, not a make-believe." Severe as this criticism is, it seems to us scarcely beyond the facts. The picture seemed to us to illustrate nothing more than its utter failure to

present an ideal of Christ such as the world could accept. The *Revue* goes on to condemn the prominence of the accessories as wholly false to right principles of art, and which, instead of being "realism," as has been said, destroy genuine reality in the painting: "It must be evident that the pictorial prominence and the importance given to the tools destroy reality. No one in presence of humanity and life would, were his mind at ease, have casual instruments of handicraft impressed so strongly on his mind that their strict portraiture should be essential to the memory and recognition of the scene. All these details do not produce artistic realism; they are only curiosities, pictorial toys, which rank in art with little models of mechanical contrivances that charm small children. They are an object-lesson, or a diagram, with no ideal or imaginative art. But art, when truly realistic, is not abjectly mechanical. The imagination is employed to regulate the scene, to give each object its due relative importance, and to bring some character and sentiment into the picture. But this shadow-picture has no character or sentiment at all. Some petty babyish contrivances make it understood that there is something meant by all the show. Without these aids, the idea that these two inconsistent figures are the Christ and Mary is the last that would occur to the spectator's mind."

A COMMITTEE of selection for the art-exhibition at the Centennial will, we learn, visit the different cities in order to prevent the needless transportation to Philadelphia of works of art not up to the standard of admission. A United States vessel, by direction of the Secretary of the Navy, will call at Southampton, Havre, Bremen, and Leghorn, next spring, in order to collect and transport to the exhibition the works of American artists resident in Europe. The exhibition will include, in addition to the works of contemporary artists, representative productions of the past century of American art—those, for instance, of Stuart, Copley, Trumbull, West, Allston, Sully, Neagle, Elliot, Kensett, Cole.

GENERAL DI CESNOLA, American consul at Cyprus, has made, we learn from the *Academy*, an interesting discovery at Episkopi, the ancient Curium, where, in opening an old grave near the port of Limassol, he has found various articles of highly-wrought metal. Among these there is a golden sceptre, a golden necklace of great beauty, and a couple of gold bracelets inscribed in characters which appear to be ancient Cyprian. It is understood that General di Cesnola intends to send the whole of his valuable "find" to America.

THE mutilated "St. Anthony" of Murillo having been successfully restored to its old position in the church at Seville, great rejoicings ensued. The portion containing the figure of the saint which had been cut out by the audacious thieves, but was fortunately recovered, has been most skillfully replaced, so that the damage, it is said, shows very little.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

October 26, 1875.

WHO was it that said Offenbach had written himself out? Certain, it seemed so in the sad days when he brought out one *opéra-bouffe* after another, each one more stupid and

less melodious than the last—as witness "Les Georgiennes" and others of that ilk. But "Madame l'Archiduc," last year, and "La Boulangère à des Ecus," of this (the first actual "hit," by-the-way, of the present theatrical season in Paris), show no falling off either in gayety, *entrain*, fertility of invention, or freshness of melody. "La Boulangère" is, moreover, for Offenbach, an excursion into a new domain. It is not an *opéra-bouffe*, but partakes more of the characteristics of a comic opera, one that recalls the good old times at the Opéra Comique when that institution was in its palmy days, and did not disdain operas with a spice of fun in their librettos and of frolic in their melodies.

The plot soars boldly into the region of the historic drama. For background we have a conspiracy under the Regency—a conspiracy of which *Madame la Duchesse du Maine* is the prime instigator, and in which her hair-dresser *Bernadille* has somehow got mixed up the conspiracy of "M. de Cellamare;" and to hear Dupuis, who personates *Bernadille*, pronounce these words, which he does on all occasions, is worth about three times the price of admission. Of course, the conspiracy fails, and the police get after poor *Bernadille*, who takes refuge with his lady-love, a little tavern-hostess named *Toinon*. He is on the point of being discovered there, when *Margot*, the rich bakeress, who has made a large fortune by speculating under the auspices of *M. Law*, comes by in her sedan-chair, preceded by a magnificent Swiss, gorgeous beyond measure in satin and gold-lace and plumes. She disguises *Bernadille* in the attire of this splendid menial, and carries him off in triumph to her bakery, where he assumes the long, loose shirt and floury functions of a baker. *Margot* falls in love with her protégé, but he, being summoned to choose between her love and that of *Toinon*, decides in favor of the latter, and the enraged *Boulangère* at once denounces him to the police, relenting, womanlike, and imploring vainly for his release as soon as he is fairly in their clutches. The last act is taken up with his prison-adventures and efforts to escape. *Margot* bribes his guards, and *Toinon* at last brings his pardon *en règle*, whereupon he announces his intention of espousing *Toinon*, and *Margot* gives her hand to her faithful Swiss. On this fabric, ingeniously woven by MM. Meilhac and Halévy, Offenbach has embroidered some of the freshest and brightest flowers of his melodious fancy. He understands his own capabilities and the sources of his popularity too well to abandon wholly his own peculiar style, the strongly-accentuated rhythms and marked melodies which characterize his music. But he has abandoned in this work the field of exaggeration and burlesque for the fairer and more graceful path of a not unrefined gayety. The *partition* fairly sparkles with mirthful melodies that will be on every lip and every piano and inside of every barrel-organ in Paris before the world is a month older. After one hearing it would be impossible to give a detailed account of the important pieces; suffice it, therefore, to mention a charming duet between *Toinon* and *Margot* (Paola Marié and Aimée), the *finale* to the first act, and an exceedingly comic song, sung by Léonce and Berthelier as the two police-agents—the song of "The Millers and the Cabmen"—which has achieved an immediate and immense popularity. Dupuis is simply delightful as *Bernadille*, the conspiring coiffeur. Paola Marié is an exquisite little *Toinon*, and Mademoiselle Aimée a sparkling and captivating *Boulangère*, while Léonce and Pradeau, Berthelier and Baron, lend impor-

tance to comparatively unimportant rôles, and contribute largely to the general success. The costumes are fresh and handsome, those of Mademoiselle Aimée in particular being extremely elegant and costly. And, à propos of Aimée, the following *bon-mot* has been attributed to Mademoiselle Schneider, who, as may be remembered, was to have created the part of *La Boulangère*, but gave it up because the rôle assigned to Paola Marié was not sufficiently insignificant. She announced her intention of being present at the first representation.

"What!" said the person to whom she spoke, "do you mean to forgive M. Bertrand who has treated you so badly?"

"Mon cher," made answer *La Grande-Duchesse*, "I cannot go against Scripture—it lui sera beaucoup pardonné parce qu'il a Aimée!"

Of course, one specimen of French wit recalls another, and here is the reply made by Francisque Sarcey, the celebrated dramatic critic of the *Temps*, to an impertinent young fellow who indulged in some joking remarks respecting the large size of the great critic's ears:

"My ears," made answer M. Sarcey, "may be of unusual size for a man, but you must confess, sir, that yours are extremely small for an ass!"

There seems to be a mania among Parisian celebrities for tumbling down and bumping their fertile brains just now. First we heard of Gounod's fall down-stairs, then a well-known Parisian organizer tried the same experiment, and now M. Octave Feuillet has come near putting an end to himself in a similar manner. He was staying at the country-seat of a friend not far from Paris, when, the cords of his window-curtains becoming entangled one day, he undertook to disengage them, piled two or three pieces of furniture together, and climbed on the top of the whole to effect his purpose. Unfortunately, he made a misstep, and down came the whole superstructure and the brilliant author as well, striking his head in his descent against a corner of the marble mantel-piece. He was thoroughly stunned and considerably bruised, but escaped without serious injury. Hence an occasion for another *bon-mot*. His host said, on hearing of his accident: "As you never have any *chutes* in public, my dear friend, you were probably desirous of trying one in private, to see what it was like." Now, *chute*, in Parisian parlance, means a theatrical failure as well as a fall, so that the gentleman made the accident the occasion of a neat little compliment to the invariably successful dramatist.

Rossi's *Hamlet* drew crowded houses at the Salle Ventadour all last week. He plays *King Lear* to-night, for the first time. It is said to be his greatest character. I am told that Ambroise Thomas was strolling through the lobby of the Grand Opera-House one evening when he heard two gentlemen, who were strangers to him, discussing the merits of "Hamlet." Naturally supposing that they were talking of his opera, he paused a moment, only to hear one of them remark, vehemently: "And to think that there exists a man conceited enough and foolish enough to imagine that he could set the world's dramatic *chef-d'œuvre* to a series of tunes!" Whereupon M. Thomas departed more swiftly than he had come.

Rossi was present at the fourth representation of "La Boulangère." He laughed heartily at all the jokes, applauded all the good points in the acting, rumbled up his hair the wrong way, got into a great state of hilarious enthusiasm, and, in fine, enjoyed the performance with the *savie*, hearty enjoyment of a boy. He is a splendid-looking man off the

stage, just in the prime of life, a very son of Anak for height and breadth of chest, with blue eyes, chestnut hair just dashed with gray, a complexion fair and fresh-colored as that of a girl, and small, well-formed hands and feet.

The second series of the "Actes et Paroles" of Victor Hugo, entitled "Pendant l'Exil—1851-1870," is to be published on the 28th of this month, as well as a second edition of the first series ("Avant l'Exil"), with various additions and corrections. Michel Lévy is the publisher thereof, as well as of the "Dianas and Venuses" of M. Arsène Houssaye, which work turns out to be, not a naughty novel, as its title might indicate, but a dissertation on those two feminine types, Diana and Venus, in the art of the old masters. J. Baudry has issued "Remains of National Art in Belgium and Holland," by J. Collinet, illustrated with forty plates. Victor Bouton, of No. 11 Rue de l'Escalier, Brussels, and No. 16 Rue St.-Martin, Paris, has just put forth the prospectus of a work which will have great attractions for the amateurs of the heraldic art and the lovers of fine illustrated works as well. It is a reproduction in facsimile of the "Wapenboek" of Getre, herald-at-arms, preserved in the Royal Library at Brussels. This precious manuscript dates from the fourteenth century, and "contains the names and armorial bearings of the Christian princes, both spiritual and secular, followed by their feudatories, according to the constitution of Europe, and especially that of the German Empire, in conformity with the Edict of 1356, called the Golden Bull, preceded by heraldic poetry." The description which the enthusiastic publisher gives of this remarkable reproduction is entirely too long to quote entire. Suffice it to say that there are to be two hundred plates carefully colored by hand, and that the whole work will be issued in a series of fifty numbers at forty francs (eight dollars) each. Only forty-eight copies are to be offered to the trade, and the whole issue is not to exceed sixty-one copies. There is a chance for some of the wealthy and aspiring book-collectors on our shores. Among other works to be issued in numbers, the "Tour de France," a national publication, is announced; it is to comprise descriptions and illustrations of the sites, views, monuments, peasantry, etc., of France. It will comprise two volumes a year, divided into weekly parts. The first part will contain "La Cité de Limes," by Alexandre Dumas. A. Lacroix & Co. are to commence in November the publication in numbers of an illustrated edition of Michelet's "History of France." E. Dentu has just issued "Le Colonel Chamberlain," a new novel by Hector Malot, and also "Le Roman de Bestrix," by an unknown author, Robert Halt. The Librairie de l'Eau-Forte has lately published two series of ten etchings each, by Henry Guerard, illustrating, one "Les Châtiments" of Victor Hugo, and the other that author's "Napoléon le Petit."

The theatrical season has fairly opened, and we are deluged with novelties at the rate of three or four first representations per week. Besides "La Boulangère," which I have just noticed, we have had, during the past week, "Le Panache," by M. Gondinet, at the Palais Royal; "Le Baron de Valjoli" at the Gymnase, and "La Filleule du Roi" at the Renaissance. The first-named is very amusing, and was a great success. It treats of the absurdities of a would-be politician, who fancies that he has been made a prefect. One of the *bon-mots* of this character (delightfully personated by Geffroy) has already become proverbial. When studying up the

affairs of his department, he finds that it contains an extinct volcano. "Just like these provincials," he exclaims, "they had a volcano, and they let it go out!" The other two pieces were failures, and immediate and decisive ones at that. Yet the "Baron de Valjoli" was, it is said, received at the Comédie Française, and was only yielded to the Gymnase with deep regret. It was well cast and well played, and was, moreover, soundly hissed. The plot, which turns on the efforts of a father and son to ruin a little strolling player, and which ends by the marriage of the son to the young girl in question, was considered disgusting, as indeed it was. The Gymnase seems to have gotten into a run of ill-luck lately, scarcely inferior to that which pursued all the efforts of the Vaudeville last season. It has lost from its company Blanche Pierson, Alice Lody, the great beauty Madeleine Angelo, and the elegant comedian Andrieu; and, of all the plays that were produced there last season, there was not one that achieved more than a half success. And now it leads off its season of 1875-'76 with a total failure. "La Filleule du Roi," the music of which is by M. Vogel, turns out to be very poor. The Renaissance must rest on its laurels till the production of Leocq's new operetta of "The Little Bride." A grand dramatic enterprise, having for its aim the encouragement of the highest form of dramatic writing in France, has been started by M. Laforêt, the theatrical critic of *La Liberté*. The new organization will take possession of the Salle Ventadour, and will play on alternate nights with Rossi, who only performs three nights a week. Among the new plays promised are "Madame de Maintenon," by François Coppée; "Les Mères Ennemies," by Catulle Mendès; and possibly a new one-act piece in verse entitled "Le Glaive," by no less a personage than Victor Hugo himself. Nearly thirty-three years have elapsed since the great poet last gave a new drama to the French stage, "Les Burgraves," produced at the Comédie Française early in 1843, being the work in question. It is whispered that Victor Hugo is arranging his "Cromwell" for the stage, with a view of having Rossi enact the principal part. In its present form "Cromwell" fills a good-sized volume, and never was presented on any stage, notwithstanding the assertion of the *Athenæum*, in its number of October 28d, that "Cromwell" was the play which over forty years ago inaugurated the romantic drama.

M. Henri Houssaye, the son of M. Arsène Houssaye, is to espouse to-morrow a young Californian belle, Miss Ritter, at the church of St.-Philippe du Roule. The young lady is said to be a very beautiful blonde. Readers of the *Tribune* may perhaps recall the romantic story, as set forth by M. Arsène Houssaye in the pages of that journal about a year ago, of his son's betrothal to a lovely Italian princess—a love-affair quite à la mode américaine—love at first sight and all the rest of it. Is the bridegroom of to-morrow the late fiancé of the Italian princess, or only his brother? Who can tell us? LUCY H. HOOPER.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

IN the course of our recent review of Dr. Lawson's paper on the relative weights of sound and unsound brains, it will be remembered that the author took the ground that often a slight taint of insanity might prove a gain rather than loss. Having the points of

his argument still in mind, our readers may find it of interest to learn of some of the signs by which the presence of cranial weakness, or rather unsoundness, may be determined. These we find given in an extended review of Dr. Wynter's recent work, entitled the "Borderlands of Insanity," from which we condense as follows: It not unfrequently happens that unsoundness of brain is known or recognized only by the possessor, who often finds himself at war with certain promptings which seem leading him to act against his own positive convictions of right and duty. As illustrative of this phase of insanity, the following letter from a patient to his adviser is given: "I am not conscious of the decay or suspension of any of the powers of the mind. I am as well as ever I was to attend to my business. My family suppose me in health, yet the horrors of a mad-house are staring me in the face. I am a martyr to a species of persecution from within which is becoming intolerable. I am urged to say the most shocking blasphemies. Thank God that I have been able to resist, but I often think I must yield at last and be forever disgraced and ruined." In this instance, we have an exaggerated case brought forward to illustrate what may not be an unusual experience; should it be recognized by any reader, let him take comfort in the fact that the chief danger lies in the present condition, and that, so far as insanity prevails, it is that of the present to be controlled rather than any more serious development to be feared. The famous Bishop Butler is said to have been engaged in such a conflict all his life.

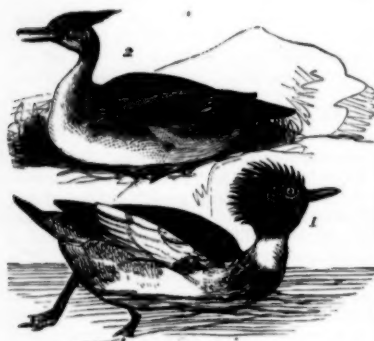
A less serious though equally discomforting phase of this weakness is that which induces us to act or speak in inappropriate or uncalled-for ways, as when Charles Lamb burst out laughing at a funeral. Allied to this are the two fallings now classified as diseases under the names "kleptomania" and "dipsomania," evidence of which is shown by an uncontrollable desire for the property of others, and for the gratification of a passion for drink.

With the acts of kleptomania we are all familiar, and it is said that victims of dipsomania have been known to drink shoe-blackening, turpentine, and hair-wash. Sometimes, we are told, these two forms of mania are seen coexistent in the same person under very odd circumstances, as of one man who, when drunk, always stole Bibles, another spades, and a third who invariably purloined a tub. Of a more general and prevalent character are such signs of mental disorder as the following: an undue exaltation of the senses, as of the patient who could hear the least sound in a distant part of the house, or tell the hour by his watch at a distance at which he could not ordinarily see the hands. Still more common are such symptoms as loss of memory, deterioration in handwriting, the use of wrong words in conversation—which Mr. Grant White calls "heterophemy"—and the failure to remember certain numbers, or particular letters, or the termination of words of which the initial letter is well known. If the writer be justified in classing these peculiarities as among the symptoms of mental unsoundness, the reader will not find it hard to admit his own weakness, and the plea for "universal insanity" will command a more willing acceptance.

Advancing still further, we are given many interesting and very curious examples of special peculiarities. Thus, in a case of yellow fever, the patient, a master of three languages, spoke with a different tongue at different stages of the attack. As one instance, from many in which the sufferer from brain-lesion after a long period of forgetfulness took up the recol-

lection of an action at the point where he left off, the following story is told: During the battle of the Nile, a captain was struck on the head while he was in the act of giving the order which was interrupted by the blow. After fifteen months of unconsciousness, he was successfully trapped, when, rising up in bed, in a loud voice he finished the order begun so long before. Many instances of this character might be cited, but we pass them by, and refer to but one more class of kindred phenomena. To this class belong cases where an apparent injury to the brain has resulted in an improved mental condition. One of three brothers, all idiots, after receiving a severe injury in the head, gained his senses and became a clever barrister, and a stable-boy had his wits greatly improved by a kick from a horse. Even a pope, Clement VI., had his memory improved by a concussion on the brain; while one man, who lost half his brain through suppuration of the skull, preserved his intellectual faculties till the day of his death. It would be hard to point a safe moral from these facts, and yet, if there is any comfort to be found in the consciousness that we do not suffer alone, then any reader whose symptoms we have portrayed is welcome to it, and may take courage.

In our article of last week on "Birds with Teeth," reference was made to the *Merganser serrator*. As it is possible that our readers may deem the subject of sufficient interest to justify a brief return to it, we would state regarding this bird that it belonged to the *Merganser* or saw-bill-duck family. The species to which we alluded is known as the red-breast *Merganser* or sheldrake. In lieu of an extended description we present an illustration of male and female. These birds are distributed over



Red-breast Merganser (*Mergus serrator*).
1. Male; 2. Female.

the whole of North America and Europe. The serrations, as described in the former article, are not teeth proper, but serve a kindred purpose in aiding the bird in securing the fish upon which it feeds. The male bird, which is two feet and a half in length, has a bill over two inches long. The head and upper neck are dark-green, and the throat reddish-brown with dark streaks. The special feature, however, is the serrated bill, the structure of which was fully illustrated in the paper to which we have alluded.

The increase in the number and extent of submarine electric cables, and specially the recent completion of a new one connecting America with England, will cause the following description of the manner in which messages are sent and received to be read with in-

terest. The account, which is commendably clear and concise, is given in a contemporary, and reads as follows:

"He (the ocean-telegraph operator) taps the 'key,' as in a land-telegraph, only it is a double key. It has two levers and knobs instead of one. The alphabet used is like the Morse alphabet—that is, the different letters are represented by a combination of dashes and dots. For instance, you want to write the word 'boy.' It would read like this: '— — — — —' B is one dash and three dots; o, three dashes; and y, one dash, one dot, and three dashes. Now, in the land-telegraph, the dashes and dots would appear on a strip of paper at the other end of the line, which is unwound from a cylinder and perforated by a pin at the end of the bar or armature. If the operator could read by sound, we would dispense with the strip of paper, and read the message by the 'click' of the armature as it is pulled down and let go by the electro-magnet.

"The cable-operator, however, has neither of these advantages. There is no paper to perforate, no 'click' of the armature, no armature to 'click.' The message is read by means of a moving flash of light upon a polished scale produced by the 'deflection' of a very small mirror, which is placed within a 'mirror galvanometer,' which is a small brass cylinder two or three inches in diameter, shaped like a spool or bobbin, composed of several hundred turns of small wire wound with silk to keep the metal from coming in contact. It is wound or coiled exactly like a new rope, a small hole being left in the middle about the size of a common wooden pencil. In the centre of this is suspended a very thin, delicate mirror about as large as a kernel of corn, with a correspondingly small magnet rigidly attached to the back of it. The whole weighs but a little more than a grain, and is suspended by a single fibre of silk, much smaller than a human hair, and almost invisible. A narrow horizontal scale is placed within a darkened box two or three feet in front of the mirror, a narrow slit being cut in the centre of the scale to allow a ray of light to shine upon the mirror from a lamp placed behind the scale, the little mirror in turn reflecting the light back upon the scale. This spot of light upon the scale is the index by which all messages are read. The angle through which the ray moves is double that traversed by the mirror itself; and it is therefore really equivalent to an index four or six feet in length without weight.

"To the casual observer there is nothing but a thin ray of light, darting to the right and left with irregular rapidity; but to the trained eye of the operator every flash is replete with intelligence. Thus the word 'boy,' already alluded to, would be read in this way: One flash to the right and three to the left is b; three flashes to the right is o; one to the right, one to the left, and two more to the right, is y, and so on. Long and constant practice makes the operators wonderfully expert in their profession, and enables them to read from the mirror as readily and accurately as from a newspaper."

The American farmer's boy who has made it a part of his holiday service to hunt for humble-bee's nests, and, at the risk of a swollen eye, possess himself of the sweets there contained, may be induced to resist his robber propensities when he learns what service these bees render to his father's clover-fields. We learn from *Nature* that two nests of English humble-bees were recently sent to New Zealand by Mr. Frank Buckland, for the Canterbury Acclimatization Society. These insects are specially desired in New Zealand for the purpose of fertilizing the common clover; the proboscis of the common bee is not sufficiently long to reach down to the pollen of the clover-flower, while the humble-bee is enabled to do so. In this way the insect is expected to do great service to the agriculturist by largely extending the growth of the clover. The bees were packed in their own nests in two boxes, and will be under the charge of a

member of the New Zealand Council, who is provided with every necessary for their welfare during their voyage. They are expected to arrive about the middle of January—midsummer at the antipodes.

CERTAIN interesting experiments on the growth of seeds have been conducted by M. Uloth. These were undertaken with a view to determine whether seeds could be made to germinate in ice, and the process may be described as follows: Seeds of various species were placed in grooves made in ice-cakes, and over the grooved surface other plates of ice were laid, and the whole removed to a cool cellar in January, and there remained till the following May. An examination then made disclosed the fact that many of the seeds had actually germinated, the roots penetrating into the ice. It is but natural that facts of this startling character should give rise to controversy, and so we are not surprised to learn that opposite views are entertained as to whence the heat needed for the process of growth was obtained. In the opinion of the experimenter, it was obtained, or rather liberated, in the growth of the roots while forcing themselves into the ice.

DURING a late official investigation into the cause of one of the many recent English railway accidents it was stated that, owing to the presence of continuous brakes, the engineer had at his command the means of stopping a train going at the rate of fifty miles an hour within four hundred yards. The official character of this testimony induced a special trial to be made, with the following results: A regular train was made up, fitted with continuous brakes, and run at the rate above mentioned. At a given signal, the brakes were put on, the engine reversed, and when the train had stopped the distance was measured. This was found to be eight hundred yards, or nearly half a mile; and, as the trial was a fair one, the result may be taken as final, and will serve to set at rest the oft-repeated assertion that a train going at full speed may be stopped within its own length.

A KENTISH gardener has taken up the novel rôle of natural photographer, and by the aid of negatives in the form of leaves has been enabled to add to the beauty of his orchard-fruit. In order to give a pleasing variety of color to the surface of certain choice peaches, he allowed them to be protected in places by leaves. Beneath these shaded portions the surface remained green, and thus the purple bloom of the unshaded parts was greatly heightened. In certain instances the form of the leaf appeared sharply photographed on the fruit, which effect added greatly to their beauty, and secured for the grower more favorable prices, since beauty of appearance ranks with delicacy of flavor among a certain class of purchasers.

We learn from *Nature* that it is proposed to hold an electrical exhibition in Paris in 1877. It will be held in the Palais de l'Industrie, the object being to illustrate all the applications of electricity to the arts, to industry, and to domestic purposes. This project, which was initiated by Count Hallex d'Arros, has been received with general favor both by the scientific and industrial worlds, and the necessary funds have been already guaranteed. An organizing committee is being formed, and the provisional offices of the exhibition have been established at 86 Rue de la Victoire.

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In a recent note it was stated that the decomposition or decay of eggs might be greatly retarded by the use of a coating of paraffine. A second application of this substance has recently been made, with favorable results. A number of American peaches which had been coated with melted paraffine and packed in hay recently arrived in London in a fresh state, and were eaten after a lapse of more than twenty days. This application of paraffine is protected by letters-patent granted to Mr. R. Loomis, of this city, and includes the preservation of eggs, fruit, and vegetables.

The French town of Nérac is about to be lighted by gas made from cork-waste and cuttings. These are distilled in a close vessel or retort, and the gas obtained is said to be brighter and whiter than that of coal. The blue or non-luminous zone is smaller, and the gas itself has a greater density than that from ordinary coal.

Miscellanea.

WE give below the last of our budget of "Wedding-Anecdotes:"

Sometimes the united services of clergymen of differing persuasions make the marriage-ceremony a trifle difficult. A Methodist minister, who was about to marry an Episcopal lady, called upon her minister to secure his services, and to ask that a friend, who was a presiding elder in his church, might assist in the office of marrying. The Episcopal brother, who was a High Anglican, replied:

"I would like to oblige you, sir, in your wish, but I fear I cannot, as I do not recognize the validity of your orders!"

"My orders not valid, sir?" exclaimed the indignant Wesleyan. "I tell you, it's a purer ministry that has come down from John Wesley than a ministry that has come down by your apostolic succession through all their dirty popes!"

As a general rule, ministers find, on the principle that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," that it is always better to take the fee at the time of the wedding than to wait for any after-judgment of the matter. A certain clergyman to this day bears a grudge against New Jersey because a Jerseyman, after his wedding, asked if he should pay at the time or settle when he came for the certificate. The modest minister said, "Oh, when you come for the certificate." And that man has never come yet!

There seems to be a strange atmosphere of mistakes about the wedding-service. Even the printers join in this. An English edition of the "Prayer-Book" came out some time ago with the following misplacement of a single letter: "Wilt thou love, honor, and cherish," etc., etc., "and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her as long as ye both shall live"—a change from "live" to "like," well suited to the changing habits of present matrimonial life!

Another very common mistake among ignorant people, who want the Episcopal service, is in the alliterative sentence, "To have and to hold from this day forward." I know a clergyman who assures me he very frequently has it rendered, "To have and to behold from this day forward."

The nervousness of the parties to be married very often accounts for some of these mistakes. A pretty-well frightened groom on one occasion, feeling that he must be brave and speak up well when the officiating clergy-

man asked any question, boldly replied to the question addressed to the father of the bride, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" "My sponsors in baptism!"

Another frightened youth, remembering in the presence of some beautiful bridesmaids the answer to one of the questions in the order of baptism, replied to the question, "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" "I renounce them all, and, by God's help, will endeavor not to follow nor be led by them!"

Readers of Thomas Hardy's story, "Far from the Madding Crowd," will remember the scene in which Bathsheba, on taking charge of the farm, inquires how it came to pass that Mrs. Ball ever consented to name her son "Cain." Joseph Poorgram and the others explain that the "pore" woman was flustered at the time of the christening, and got the Bible brothers mixed up in her mind, and thought at the moment "as how it was Abel what killed Cain, and not t'other way; however, they tried to soften it down a bit by calling him 'Cainey.'"

On the same principle in England, at a wholesale parish wedding, where some dozen couples were to be united *en masse* on a Sunday, a shy sort of man got crowded in the wrong place, next to a strong, bustling woman, who had likewise missed her man, and, before they knew it, they were married, as was also the odd couple number two. Hereupon the shy man made so bold as to tell the minister of the mistake, and, while he was debating in his own mind what was to be done, the old woman exclaimed, "Sure, and let it be; isn't it fair all round, after all, and isn't one man as good as the other? the devil a bit's the difference, says Bridget McShane!"

WE select from *All the Year Round* a second batch of "Notifications Extraordinary," being wholly on matters matrimonial:

A Leavenworth official proclaimed his happiness and warned off all aspirants to the hand of the woman whose affections he had secured as follows: "Engaged: Miss Anne Gould, to John Caudal, city marshal, both of Leavenworth, Kansas. From this time henceforth and forever, until Miss Anne Gould becomes a widow, all young men are requested to withdraw their particular attentions." If Kansas lovers are given to publishing their little arrangements in this way, a Kansas newspaper must be almost as lively reading as the *Cherokee Times*, which, recording the marriage of Mr. Sariah Pratt and Miss Mary Foote, says: "Sariah is one of the best boys Cherokee ever had, and, now that he will Foote it the rest of his journey, we wish both him and his handsome young wife a happy wedded life, with a good round number of Pratt-ling responsibilities to cheer the way and make life truly blest." The *Cherokee* editor's playfulness would hardly have been appreciated a quarter of a century ago, when the following specimen was thought a neat thing in marriage notices: "Married simultaneously, on the 24th ult., by the Rev. J. W. Wallace, J. H. Burritt, Esq., of Connecticut, to Miss Ann W. Watson; and Mr. Augustus Wood, to Miss Sarah Wair, Columbia County, Georgia. The ceremony was conducted under the most engaging forms of decency, and was ministered with sober and impressive dignity. The subsequent hilarity was rendered doubly entertaining by the most pleasing urbanity and decorum of the guests; the convivial board exhibited an elegant profusion of all that fancy

could mingle, or the most splendid liberality collect; nor did the nuptial evening afford a banquet less grateful to the intellectual senses. The mind was regaled with all that is captivating in colloquial fruition, and transported with all that is divine in the union of congenial spirits:

'While hovering seraphs lingered near,
And dropped their harps, so charmed to hear!'"

In the happy coming-time, when the sexes shall stand upon a footing of perfect equality, the dupes of fair flirts will, doubtless, find twelve good women and true ready to make defaulting damsels pay for promise-breaking. A jilted lover will not need to take his revenge in an irregular way, like the gentleman who advertised in the *General Advertiser*: "Whereas, on Sunday, April 12, 1750, there was seen in Cheapside, between the hours of four and five in the afternoon, a young gentleman, dressed in a light-colored coat, with a blue waistcoat trimmed with silver lace, along with a young lady in mourning, going toward St. Martin's near Aldersgate. This is, therefore, to acquaint the said gentleman (as a friend) to be as expeditious as possible in the affair, lest otherwise he should unhappily meet with the same disappointment at last, by another stepping in in the mean time, as a young gentleman has been lately served by the aforesaid young lady, who, after a courtship of these four months last past, and that with her approbation, and in the most public manner possible, and with the utmost honor as could possibly become a gentleman. Take this, sir, only as a friendly hint." Far less courteous, under similar provocation, was the discarded suitor who proclaimed: "Whereas, Parmelia B— did promise to marry me on the 19th instant, but, instead of doing so, did dunk and run off, I brand her as a liar and a person of bad character generally." Possibly the fickle Parmelia had very good reasons for changing her mind; at any rate, the rejected groom might have vented his wrath in milder terms. Mary Dodd, of Livingston County, Kentucky, was fully justified in denouncing a gay deceiver as she did, in the *Kentucky Reporter*, of the 5th of September, 1817: "Take notice, and beware of the swindler Jesse Dougherty, who married me in November last, and some time after marriage informed me that he had another wife alive, and before I recovered the villain left me, and took one of my best horses. One of my neighbors was so good as to follow him and take the horse from him, and bring him back. The said Dougherty is about forty years of age, five feet ten inches high, round-shouldered, thick lips, complexion and hair dark, gray eyes, remarkably ugly and ill-natured, very fond of ardent spirits, and by profession a notorious liar. This is, therefore, to warn all widows to beware of the swindler, as all he wants is their property, and he cares not where they go after he gets that. The said Dougherty has a number of wives living, perhaps eight or ten (the number not positively known), and will, no doubt, if he can get them, have eight or ten more. I believe that is the way he makes his living.—MARY DODD."

A WRITER in *Chambers's Journal*, from whom we have formerly quoted, thinks that Americans are very fond of using the word "institution:"

Institution, originally a political word, has been given a very wide meaning. Besides speaking of the "institutions of the country," American writers mention the buzzards of Charleston as one of the institutions of that

city, and inform us that a taste for driving is one of the institutions of New York. Writing from China to the *New York Times*, Mr. Seward described a typhoon as "an Eastern institution, which, though doubtless entertaining as a topic for future narrative, is seldom amusing as an experience."

He gives also instances of some of the quaint phrases arising from our political life:

Some of these strange phrases are derived from the habits of animals. A party is said to *snake* when it follows an underhand policy; if a politician proves false to his pledges, the papers announce that he has "crawfished awfully," an allusion to the retrograde motions of the crawfish. When a group of members support a bill in which they have no direct interest, in order to secure the help of its promoters for a bill of their own, they are said to be "log-rolling," a term taken from the backwoods, where a man who has cut down a big tree gets his neighbors to help him in rolling it away, and in return helps them with their logs. To "gas" is to talk only for the purpose of prolonging a debate. A man who can be depended upon by his party is said to be "sound on the goose." On the other hand, a doubtful supporter is spoken of as "weak in the knees." Determination is backbone. "Backbone," says a leader in the *Republic* of New York, "is the material that makes an upright man." A party that always votes together is said to "vote solid." A party conference is a "caucus," its programme is a "platform," and these two words, we may remark *en passant*, are being too freely used in some quarters even among ourselves. A member of Congress does not make a speech, he "orates;" if he can embarrass his adversary, he rejoices at having "cornered him;" if his speech is a good one, it is a "rouser;" if it fails, it is a "fizzle," so called from the hiss of the priming in a gun that misses fire.

He is of opinion, however, that with us trade has even more cant words than politics, and gives the following instances:

Money has forty or fifty different names—such singular terms as dye-stuffs, spondulices, shadocales, and charmas, figuring in the list. Insolvent banks are called wild-cat banks, and their notes are wild-cats. The smallest cobbler's shop is a "boot-store;" a draper's is a "dry-goods store;" and to "run a store" is to keep a shop. A figure of speech derived from the last expression is "to run your face," which means to go upon credit. "To make a pile" is to make money; to be "dead broke" is to become bankrupt. These commercial phrases penetrate into every-day life. "What's to pay?" means simply what's the matter? "A drive in these hills pays," says a writer in an American magazine; "it is pure enjoyment." Another Americanism, "to be well posted up" in a subject, originally derived from the posting up of a ledger, has been adopted by some English writers. Similarly there are nautical words which are used on all possible occasions. Where an English railway-guard calls out before starting his train, "Take your places!" the American train-conductor shouts, "Get aboard, get aboard!" and then signals the driver to "go ahead." A pushing, active man is said to be "goaheaditive," and from this adjective a barbarous substantive has in due course been developed; and on the declaration of war between France and Prussia, in 1870, the *New York Times* strove to impress its readers with

the fact that, "in this complication of European difficulties, a favorable opportunity was afforded to American goaheaditiveness."

THE subjoined, from the *London Daily News*, on the first fire of the season, is very good, but we wish the writer would understand that not every American is devoted to the stove. In the South the open fire is the rule, and it is far from being uncommon in the North and West:

The first fire makes an epoch like the first snow-fall of the new winter: it brings back memories of old enjoyments suited to the season; it almost makes us forget to look forward to the long, inevitable season of cold and of sunless days. Certainly this is an advantage we possess over our kinsmen of the Teutonic race who use stoves—over the German, the American, as also over the Russian. Montaigne mentions how he was once amused by hearing a German gentleman defend stoves on exactly the same grounds as Frenchmen usually spoke up for fires. Surely the patriotic Teuton would scarcely have said that much of the *religio foci* clings to the stove. Warm that device may be, and capable when scientifically adapted of giving perpetual summer within the house. But as the stove is used in Continental cities merely to heat the air which is in the house without circulating or changing it, stuffiness is its first-born and drowsiness its next of kin. "Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is," Shelley says, and certainly no stove-using race of men can know by daily experience. It was the most natural thing that the domestic religions of the ancient world should cling about the hearth, where the lovely, mysterious element plays, making light and warmth in his sport. No wonder the Lares, the spirits of dead ancestors, liked to hover there, and forget their gray Elysium. No wonder that the city hearth was a holy thing, where the fire was never to fade. But fancy a vestal virgin tending a sacred stove! The idea is absurd on the face of it. Far better for the poetry if not for the comfort of the thing even a French fire, like that of the marshal on which our correspondent has moralized; far better the pine-cones with their fragrance, the logs that burn capriciously, the heat that goes up the wide chimney, than the practical stove of Germany. It is well that a man should be able to say, "Ha, ha! I have seen the fire," even if he can scarcely add in conscience that he has been very thoroughly warmed, which it must be confessed he rarely is in really cold weather. It is a pleasant custom that has come in of burning old drift-wood in London fireplaces. The salt timber crackles very cheerfully; a hundred delicate shades of yellow and violet and blue and green and purple flames shine out, and the cavernous wood-fire presents more pictures to the imaginative than

the fire of coals can offer. Every one in that magic world sees what he brings the power of seeing. Few people are tempted with crowns of fairy, few but children, to whom fire is still magical, and the pictures of fire-land as real almost as the scenes of daylight life. We lose this constructive imagination as we grow older, and "look before and after," as we sit by the fire, instead of watching the wonderful pictures of a world outside space and time.

THE revival of "Macbeth" at the Lyceum (says the *Pull Mall Gazette*) has stirred up the spirit of Shakespearean criticism to give forth some very astounding utterances. Perhaps the wildest of all are to be found in certain letters which have been published by Dr. Charles Mackay in the *Athenaeum*. A Celtic scholar is still a *rara avis* among us; and perhaps it is well that it is so, since it seems impossible for a knowledge of Gaelic and a spirit of impartiality to exist in the same brain. Of the philological blindness induced by Celtic studies, Dr. Mackay is a brilliant example. Not long ago, in a little book about English literature, he gravely set forth that "quick"—a good English word if ever there was one—with its cognate "queek," still passing current on the main-land to vouch for its Teutonic pedigree, was derived from the Gaelic *coig*, five, by some occult symbolism about the five senses. And he now tries to make out by a deal more of the same sort of fanciful rodomontade that all the obsolete or obscure words used by Shakespeare are Celtic; nay, that the poet himself was a Celt, both on the father's and the mother's side. As to the mother, her family took their name of Arden from the forest in which they lived, and to try to found a pedigree from the poet's father writing his name "Chaksper" is simply ridiculous, as it is extremely doubtful whether he could write his name at all; and if he wrote it in any such form, it is clear he could not spell, as the earliest bearer of the name, who was somehow or other connected with the Port of Youghal, in the time of Edward III., wrote it Shakespeare. The meaning, one would think, is as evident as the meaning of Brakespeare, or any other compound of the sort. But Dr. Mackay cannot see it, and tries to make out that the word is the Celtic "shac, or seac, dry, and speir, shanks, as we have in our day the Saxon names of Sheepshank and Cruikshank, suggested by a personal malformation or deformity in days when surnames were not common, and applied as a nickname to some early ancestor of the family." The obvious answer to this is, that in days when people called each other "Sheepshanks" or "Crookshanks" they were perfectly capable of putting together the simple compound "Dry-shanks," if they had wished to make any personal remark about the poet's ancestor, without taking the trouble to fish up two Gaelic words, of which probably they had never heard, to express their contempt for his shanks.

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